TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The first event of the week was the *Globe's* remarkably agile performance on the sharp curve which took it from one side of the Jesuit Estates Bill to the other. It had been arguing that while the Estates Bill was antagonistic to the sense and well-being of the country, the Liberal party could not clamor for its disallowance, because the said Liberal party had always upheld provincial rights. An article in the *Law Times*, and another in the *Law Journal*, it claims, has convinced its alleged editorial mind that the Bill is unconstitutional and therefore must be disallowed. It is so certain that its second thought is better than the first, that it declares that it will be forever disassociated and divorced from those who take the opposite view. As its rival dailies have already said, the *Globe* has been so inconsistent of recent years, so liable to be going one way to-day and in the opposite direction to-morrow, that its somersault excites very little attention, except as it may indicate the policy of the Grit party in relation to the Bill concerned. Its pretence that a couple of articles in law journals have convinced it, is enough to make one laugh consumedly. As far as I can find out, after putting this and that together, the crawfish act was caused by the following state of affairs: Sir John having decided that it would be to his advantage to allow the Jesuit Estates Bill to become law, permitted, so 'tis said, some of his more or less conspicuous followers to organize a "bolt," which is something known in the vernacular as a "kick." O'Brien was the captain of the movement, and those Conservatives who came from Orange constituencies were to be permitted to follow him in what was practically a vote of censure on the government. Sir John understood that the Liberal party, by reason of their Provincial Rights ideas and their close relation to the Roman Catholic church and Rouge element, would be obliged to vote with him on the question. In this way the Grits would be prevented from criticizing his pro-Jesuit policy inasmuch as they had voted with him on the question, while his Orange followers could square themselves in their constituencies by voting against it. A very nice little plan indeed, and one well conceived. The immortal James Daniel come to judgment Edgar, so it is whispered, though whisperers sometimes do not tell the truth, saw that in this movement the Liberal party would be a very disreputable looking tail to Sir John's kite, and conceived the wise notion of having the *Globe* organize a kick of its own, which would relieve the majority of Liberals from the necessity of voting with the government against O'Brien's censure, and the *Globe* therefore made a "kick" bright and early on Saturday morning, while J. D. himself was on deck with a protest against such conduct first thing on Monday morning. Of course J. D. Edgar always works with the Rouges and it is suspected knows exactly what they are going to do under the circumstances. One thing at least, it tangled the situation considerably and made O'Brien and his friends feel that their amendment under the circumstances was rather a dangerous thing. But

While the winds do blow and it doth snow,
What will the robin do, poor thing?

and by the robin I mean the *Globe*. Having become the shuttlecock for a parcel of gamey politicians it is losing its reputation for consistency, which can do it no good as a business enterprise.

He (the *Globe* office) will sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing, poor thing.

It is in the position of the tramp who petitioned the occupants of the barroom to get him full and have fun with him.

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On Monday night the City Council, after having recently devoted itself, more or less, to the duty of resolving itself into various deputations to visit American cities at the public expense, was able to spare a moment to consider Ald. McMillan's motion objecting to the division of Toronto into registry districts. Ald. Fleming, unless he is misreported, stated that he had no objection to a second appointment provided that the person appointed is paid out of the twenty thousand dollars received by the present registrar. That is not the view to take. If the present fees already retained by the registrar are excessive, why not ask the government to reduce them. It is absurd to imagine that the state of things which exists is the only state of things which can exist. Ald. Gillespie, the gentleman who has been so extremely anxious not only to do what is right but to make others walk in the strait and rocky path, thought it was too late to bother, wondered why this matter had not been brought up sooner, and thought it strange that the Mayor had not protested in the House, all of which is respectfully submitted as rubbish. Why did he himself not bring it up sooner? Where was he and his cars when the Mayor was protesting against it in the House? Ald. Tait who was requested to put himself on record also went under the barn in a hurried, if not graceful, attempt to prevent anything happening to his friend Ryan, to whom it is said he is indebted for his present aldermanic position. Ald. Frankland also thought they were wasting time, a man had already been named for the position: a poor argument that for silencing the protest, but one we might expect from him. The resolution carried, after it having been shown that the majority of the aldermen who are such great reformers, not only in profession but in politics, are not anxious to reform offices in which their friends are to draw the salary. Three weeks ago I pointed out the duty of the City Council in this matter, a thing so obvious that it should have needed no clamor to make it apparent. Almost without exception the city papers have been mum They hated to interfere with a friend. Now that the City Council has put itself on record and it is too late to defeat the measure some of the journalists who stand on the outer walls to guard the city may give it a little attention. At least Mr. Mowat was deprived of the excuse that he believed Toronto was willing to accept this "reform."

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When I see such outrageous demonstrations of ignorance and malicious prejudice as were made by alleged Young Briton bands outside Temperance Hall, where the St. Patrick's day was being celebrated, and observe that there is no proper impulse on the part of the authorities to punish the offenders and check such outbursts in future, I cease to wonder at the desire of some of our Catholic fellow citizens for Separate Schools. If a lot of half-grown and half-baked, and altogether unmannerly hulks of boys are permitted to besiege a hall where a public meeting is being held, throw stones through the windows and act like barbarians generally, and sanctify their proceedings by doing it in the name of King William, the decent citizens of the place will begin to think that King William's memory is a curse rather than a blessing to civilization and Protestantism. Similar outrages have been so frequent—and the one previous to this was so recent, a Catholic Orphan Asylum being the object of the unfettered cussedness of the hangers-on of a Young Briton's band—that I am beginning to suspect that the perpetrators must have been patted upon the back by some one for their heroic efforts in the cause of Protestantism or they would not have found imitators so soon afterwards. On a previous occasion the press of this city unanimously demanded that it should be made an offence for any band to parade the streets without the permission of the police commissioners. What has been done towards this end? Nothing. The Chief of the force seems too busy turning his men into hussars and guardsmen to attend to this branch of his duties. The Commissioners have no right to leave anything undone in the direction of preserving the peace. The City Council should pass a by-law at once governing the conduct or prohibiting the appearance of bands of music in public thoroughfares. It is not always the band itself that does the harm; it is the gang of hoodlums who are sure to collect and follow it, and with them stone throwing is an unspeakable delight.

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I cannot bear the idea of Separate Schools, or of any creed or race in Canada isolating itself from the general public; but I admit that such things are almost necessary when the authorities and to feel that he is doing God a service by clubbing him over the head, I would at once become a supporter of Separate Schools. Who would not, and yet in enlightened Canada and cultured Toronto, it seems that such conduct is still held in some quarters to be a part of good Protestantism, and such vicious notions the mainstay of a Briton's education. I don't believe there are many parents who encourage their children to become "Dogan baiters," but there are some and they are greater curses to this country's peace than the most unscrupulous Jesuit who could be introduced into the community. Organized Protestantism is a good thing; it must be organized to resist the aggressions of that greatest of all religio-political organizations, the church of Rome; but it must not be organized or maintained for the defence of cowardly miscreants who throw rocks through the windows of a public hall to the danger of life and limb. Public sentiment, Protestant sentiment, decent sentiments do not uphold such actions, and in defence all that can be urged is that such conduct is only found amongst the youngest and most ignorant and disorderly sections of those who claim allegiance to Orangism. That Orangemen as a rule regrets and condemns in unmeasured terms such conduct goes without saying, but they must not be passive when such conduct is done in their name. Let us have British fair play, keep our own dooryards clean and agitate in a law-abiding way. The Toronto papers have all expressed their opinion most vigorously on this matter. They have done it before; will it be necessary to do it again or will the authorities take action?

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The most surprising thing that has been said in the Legislature this session was the Hon. Mr. Mowat's contention that under the terms of the B. N. A. Act, the government has no jurisdiction over the text books used in the Separate Schools. I was glad to see that Mr. Meredith most unequivocally took issue with him on this point. If the B. N. A. Act makes it possible for a school system supported by public money to grow up in this province free from the jurisdiction of the Department of Education and the control of the Legislature, it is high time that our constitution be changed. Does Mr. Mowat intend us to believe that all sorts of seditious literature might be studied there without his interference being possible? Mr. Meredith's contention is certainly right that it is a fundamental principle of the constitution that the state shall control all education outside of religious matters. The Premier has become so confirmed in his belief that he cannot retain power without pandering to the ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic church that nothing seems too preposterous for him to undertake or accept. He has not given the laity of the Roman Catholic church a chance to express their opinions freely by ballot for the simple reason that the church has forbidden him to grant this reform. Dodge and squirm as he may the fact remains that he is the subservient tool of a few ambitious priests and politicians who have usurped the right of dictating to our Roman Catholic fellow citizens. In order to perpetuate the power of these "bosses" and to hold the votes which they control, he refuses to grant the people an act of emancipation—for the ballot in Separate School elections would certainly emancipate the Roman Catholic voter from having to exercise his franchise under the eye of his spiritual adviser. And I don't care how good a man's spiritual adviser may be, or of what sect he may be, or how excellent the tenets of the church may be, when one man becomes possessed of the power of controlling the votes of many he is sure to use it in an arbitrary, unprogressive and unreasoning manner, and there is—in spite of the "religiousness" of it—a danger of it being used in a corrupt manner.

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The Hon. G. W. Ross has been distinctly unable to explain his position satisfactorily. I believe his statement that English is taught in all the schools in the eastern townships was either founded on misleading reports or else is a presumptuous disregard of what people know to be true—of what the Liberal paper, the Prescott and Russell *Advocate*, says is true. Why are they talking of establishing a training school for Prescott and Russell where the French teachers may be taught English if these teachers already understand English? It is nonsense to assert that a French teacher in a French school, watched by a French priest, who is impelled by a French prejudice that the children shall not learn English, will in the face of all this teach English. The people themselves may be anxious to have their children taught English, but it is true, and known by Mr. Ross to be true, that the priests are anxious that they shall remain in ignorance of the language of this province. The debate has left Mr. Mowat and his followers in the position of asserting that the French language has as much right in the schools as English so long as some English is taught, that the government has no control over the text books in Separate Schools, that English speaking people have no business in this country anyway, that the Protestants who are raising an outcry against French and Separate School encroachments, are a lot of noisy fanatics, and that the French Canadian fellow-man and brother is a much abused, patient, unobtrusive creature, and that the Opposition are defending him from being foully wronged by those who desire Ontario to be an English speaking and English feeling province. All of which I imagine will be rather difficult for them to defend at the next election. I can't conceive how they could take a more indefensible position. The party whips may keep their followers in line in Parliament, but they have no such whip for the back of the elector who believes otherwise.

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There seems to be an elopement wave just now. Although it is preferable to the epidemic of murder which followed the first crimes of Jack the Ripper, it is pretty nearly as dangerous a fashion as one can conceive of. Sometimes happy marriages follow elopements. I think, however, it would be safe to state as a rule that happy marriages do not follow elopements—too frequently no marriages at all follow such escapades. Those who elope recognize that there is a disparity between them. This is a poor beginning, and the man who elopes with a girl, has but little regard for her reputation. She hasn't any too much for her own. She confides too much in him and he is very apt to take advantage of it. After the excitement of the escapade, the girl gets lonesome and out of sorts, and a girl in that frame of mind is always out of temper and is sure either to scold or cry, and scolding and crying make the man tired of her, and unless she has taken the precaution to get married within the first few hours after the flight, he is very apt to back out of his bargain and desert her, or marry her simply to satisfy her and as a favor, and he is likely to maintain this attitude to the bitter end. Very often, however, the man who induces a girl to elope with him cannot marry her and takes the only means possible to get her into his possession. Poor girl, when such is the case her fate is a most unhappy one. She has burned her bridges behind her or fears she has and goes on from bad to worse. She should know that her father and mother will always be her best friends regardless of what she has done, but too often parents neglect to teach their daughters that no matter what offence has been committed the mother's love and the father's shelter are always waiting for them. But when a girl elopes with a married man, as in the case of Milly Spanner and J. C. Mussen, she commits social suicide and her chances of happiness are not one in a thousand. A man in a moment of weakness may forget that he has a wife and babies at home, but when he deliberately sits down and plans to desert them he is capable of planning many more desertions. If the wife and baby won't hold him, the pretty face of his inamorata will soon cease to bind him fast. There are some men who make a mistake in their marriage and would sacrifice wealth, position and all that is ordinarily held dear rather than remain with the unloved one. There are those who marry foolishly and become so fascinated with another woman that they can't endure existence without her, but these are the rare instances, and with the deepest and strongest of such shallow natures they are almost certain to select a woman who will be their ruin, and for this reason I hold that each pair of elopers contain one fool, if not two. If the woman is not base and designing, the man is apt to be; and if either one of them happens to be wrong, it means misery for both, and leaves retreat for neither.

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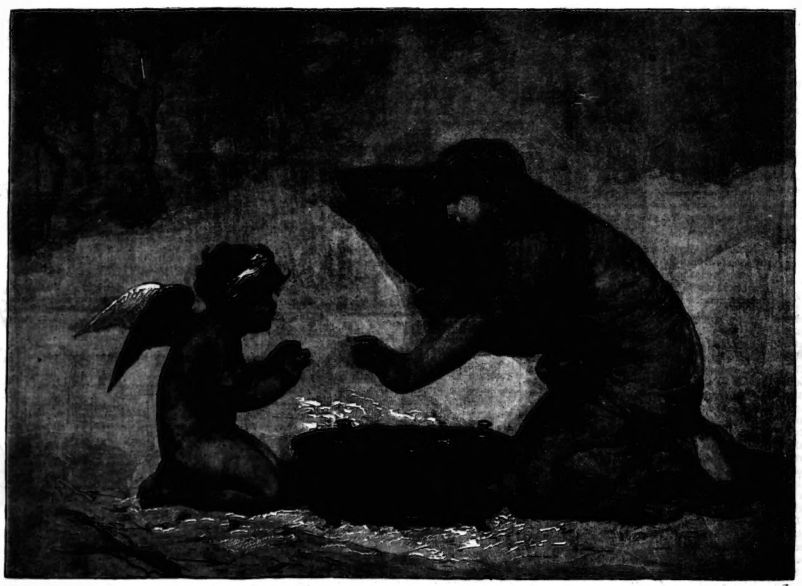
Despite every effort which Mr. Meredith and the Opposition made, the bill dividing Toronto into two registry districts passed its third reading. It is to be noted that Mr. Dance of East Elgin, who before his election distinctly declared for reform and economy in county offices, voted with the majority. He, together with Mr. Garson, the labor representative of Lincoln, endeavored to ease their conscience by supporting an amendment eliminating from our city bill the clause allowing an annuity of two thousand dollars to ex-Treasurer Harman. I do not approve of the principle of such pensions, but as the Toronto City Council had voted that money to an honest and able man who was absolutely penniless after serving the city for twenty years it was not within the province of members of the assembly to make a fight against it except on principle, and that those who fought against it were devoid of such a principle was proven by their vote on the Registry Bill which, in spite of the protest of the people who will be taxed, creates an office for a political follower of Mr. Mowat who deserves no recognition from the city. In the case of the office created for Peter Ryan it is simply pensioning him at Toronto's expense and against Toronto's will. In the case of Mr. Harman his service deserved recognition, the money was voted to him by the representatives of the people who will be taxed to pay it, and this proves the inconsistency and impropriety of those who endeavored to pose as municipal reformers while assisting the government to carry out a scheme of municipal plunder. It has ceased to be a matter of astonishment, but it must always remain a source of cynical amusement to see Premier Mowat smilingly defend-



WINTER AND SPRING.

ing such an outrageous case of political immorality on the ground that it was for the public good. That the largest cities in America are able to conduct their business with one registrar proves conclusively that Toronto does not need two; that the Law Society protested that it would be injurious rather than beneficial, that the City Council oppposed the measure, that the only two representatives of the city in the Legislature who are not in the Assembly by act of Parliament opposed it tooth and nail, should convince any member of the House that Toronto not only knows what she wants but knows that she doesn't need two registrars. It would interest me to know why the gentlemen in the Trades and Labor Council who were so conspicuously opposed to the Harman Annuity did not work with equal diligence to defeat the Registry Bill. But such is life and of such are politics.

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Mr. Mowat must have felt saddened by the sight of the two French-Canadian representatives voting on his railway policy because they could not get a share of the plunder for their constituency. After the government had pandered to their nationality and violated the spirit of our constitution for their sake, to have these ingrates voting against him should convince him that the more he grants the insatiable spoilsmen of his party, the more they will demand from his hands. That he can not rely upon them is evinced by the readiness with which they turned and bit the hand which fed them. That the Mowat government must either go to the wall, or session by session yield more and more to those who have no care for the good of the Province at large is evident. That Mr. Mowat is prepared to yield, there can be no doubt. That he has refused two or three subsidies this session, simply indicates that he is holding his gifts like a handful of oats before the noses of his baulkiest team.

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The successful dinner of the Irish Protestants at the Queen's; the enthusiastic rally of Irish Catholics at Temperance Hall and the generous contributions to the League funds on Monday night are but recurrent evidences of how this community individed. What with celebrating St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. Jean, we Canadians have no time to turn our eyes upon the fair land we live in, nor to consider the glory of our past, the greatness of our future, the genius and bravery of our men, and the beauty and virtue of our women.

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The Irish journalists of Toronto banqueted themselves at the Rossin House last Saturday evening and had a good time. No one would have thought there were so many of them in this city, but come to think of it, the newspaper writers must come from somewhere, and it is evident from the tone of the press that there are very few *Canadian* journalists here.

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Why should those of us who have not the good fortune to be English, Scotch or Irish feel that in our own country we have no day to celebrate, but must take a back seat or standing aside, hear the stirring stories of others and be silent if not ashamed. There certainly should be some sort of an association formed to stay this tide of forgetfulness—this oblivious ness of Canada and Canadians. If those who feel like joining in a movement for establishing a Canadian society send me their names and addresses I will be delighted to get them together for that purpose. How would it be to call such an association the Grand Army of Canada? limiting the membership to Canadians, those who have been say twenty years in the country and belong to no other national society. Of course every Dominion militiaman should be eligible and in this way the association would be confined to those whose impulses are strongly Canadian. I am an Imperial Federationist but I am convinced that should Federation come about this section of the Empire should not be without its distinctive national feeling and local patriotism. Such a society as I propose would be invaluable in organizing public opinion. It would excite interest in Canadian history and tend to glorify our past as well as ennoble our future. Isn't there sufficient national feeling in Canada to make a non-political and patriotic association a success? Those who think so might drop a line to

DON.

Society.

It is beyond dispute that Toronto society is most religiously observing the Lenten season, and although faint rumors have reached us of several small *sub rosa* affairs it would have been improper to obtain any particulars for publication. Among the members of the Anglican Church in society this rigorous observance may perhaps be partially due to the fact that His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto has issued a pastoral to the clergy of his diocese asking them to impress on their congregations the necessity not only of abstaining from all gaiety during the holy season of Lent, but also from making any preparation before Easter for the festivities of the post Lenten season.

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Mr. Max Gregg and Miss Mary A. Shields are to be married about April 3. Miss Shields is heiress in her own right to a fortune estimated at about $100,000.

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The last smoking concert of the season in connection with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was held last Monday night in the old Toronto Yacht Club quarters opposite the Union Station, and was in every way a decided success. The attendance was most satisfactory, as fully one hundred members and their friends put in an appearance. Among the guests of the evening were a large number of the members of the Toronto Canoe Club and the Varsity Glee Club, and they figured prominently in furnishing stirring choruses and capital songs which composed the chief part of the programme. The entertainment began about eight and lasted until eleven o'clock. Mr. George McMurrich of the Toronto Curling Club opened the evening with a capital song and received a well merited encore. The members of the Toronto Canoe Club came next with a popular chorus which was heartily joined in by the guests. Dr. Frank Cowan of the Hospital Staff gave a song which was well rendered and for which he received an encore. A set of lancers was the next and only wanted the ladies to make it go off as well as it usually does at any ball or party. Messrs. Moss and Senkler sang an amusing duet which met with great applause, and the two gentlemen were brought back to two encores. Next came a waltz and polka, and only lacked—as in the lancers—ladies. Messrs. S. and D. Martin had a friendly sparring match with the boxing gloves which was greatly enjoyed and applauded. Mr. F. S. Dickey also pleased the company with song and banjo accompaniment, and was followed by Mr. C. Black, who gave with much spirit and taste a yachting song. The concert broke up about 11:30 with the National Anthem and Auld Lang Syne. The concert was pronounced a success, and by far the best entertainment of the kind given in the city this season. The smoking concerts, which were really started by the old Toronto Yacht Club, have been the means of bringing the members of the club together during the long months; and so great has been their success that other sporting clubs, such as the Argonaut and Toronto Rowing Club, have been holding them regularly once a month during the winter. Mr. Norman Dick is to be congratulated on the way he managed the entertainment—with the assistance of the committee of management.

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The Argonaut Rowing Club hold their last smoking concert of the season on Monday evening next. The evening promises to be a success. The programme will be of a varied and elaborate nature; among the attractions will be a tug of war between representatives of the Argonauts and the Toronto Cricket Club which will be, as it always is, very exciting.

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Mrs. Edward Morphy of Wellesley street gave a very pleasant At Home last Monday, which was fully enjoyed by those—numbering between twenty-five and thirty—who were present.

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The usual weekly rehearsal of the Harmony Club in the Pirates of Penzance is being held every Thursday evening at Lansdowne Hall, College street. There are a couple of vacancies in the play which the club are endeavoring to fill up.

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The rehearsals for the Kermiss are going on. The Russian, Gypsy and Spanish dances hold their meetings at Dr. Ogden Jones' residence, College avenue, under the supervision of Professor Davis. The Britannia, which are composed of a bevy of pretty young girls, had a rehearsal last Tuesday in the hall over Tolchard's store. Mrs. Bendelari is taking a great deal of trouble to make this dance pretty and attractive, and she has secured the services of Captain Manley to put them through their drill.

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Mr. John Taylor and family have safely returned from Nassau after two months' absence from the city. It was 82 degrees in the shade on Sunday, March 4, when they left the Bahamas.

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Those vulgar styles of note and letter paper that made ladies' correspondence hideous to behold are now discarded by people of good taste. The red, yellow and blue abominations, and the half-burnt sheets of smoked paper, together with the rough jagged-edged scraps that looked as if they had been torn from some old ledger, have given place to the clear white and English blue-tinted sheets that used to tell plainly what our correspondents had to say. Æstheticism run Wilde has had much to answer for, but as every disease has its crisis, so mediævalism has run its feverish course, and good taste is beginning to assert its supremacy. Chits, as the Calcutta people calls correspondence cards, are also out of fashion, and the good old note of our fathers reigns again. In matters of true taste common sense is the best guide. No one would write to a friend on a burnt, torn or bloodstained rag in reality, therefore we should not do so in practice. The plainest and nearest way is always right, no matter what crooked paths fashion may deviate into.

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On Tuesday evening, at the Metropolitan Church, a large number of friends and acquaintances assembled to witness the marriage of Mr. W. B. McLean to Miss Jennie Pratt, daughter of Mr. W. H. Pratt, the well-known lumberman. The beautiful floral decorations were arranged under the direction of Mr. H. Slight. The ceremony was performed by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, assisted by Rev. Hugh Johnson. The bride was dressed in a cream faille silk Directoire dress, the front of which was trimmed with lisse and old point applique lace; she wore a beautiful bouquet of hyacinths. The bridesmaids, Miss Eva McCausland and Miss Annie Pierson, wore dresses of figured China silk and large Gainsborough hats of silk lisse. Mr. James Garvin and Mr. Arthur Maclean acted as groomsmen. At the wedding dinner served after the ceremony at the residence of Mr. Pratt on Jarvis street, there were present: Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Orr and Miss Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edwards, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stafford and Miss Stafford, Mr. D. J. McMurchy, Mr. Fred Garvin, Mr. C. S. Parson, Mr. H. R. Walker, Mr. H. P. Thompson and others. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many beautiful gifts.

Some Disinterested Advice.

To M. COQUELIN:

DEAR SIR,—It is with a look of pained surprise that I notice you have been playing at the Grand Opera House this week to business that wasn't big enough to wear long pants. I suppose this is not your first experience that way, and I realize that you will find it awkward. It takes a smart man to square a hotel bill when he has nothing in his pocket but wind. The gay, glad atmosphere of this country is not, as a rule, negotiable for grub.

I can see you are hampered in your efforts to make your performances popular. You have to play some of your best pieces the way they are built and can't relieve the agonizing monotony by a "break down" song and dance or singing a topical. It would be pretty and pleasing and taking, but I don't see how you could make any excuse for introducing it. I can readily understand how you would just paralyze the jays by injecting a little new business in some of your plays. Ennui is a great disease among us Canadians. What we want is the razzle dazzle. Suppose you ring in a vaudeville on the gang and do the musical act. Bring in a cook stove, or a tea-kettle, or a coffee-pot, and let the welkin ring. Don't you think it would bring down the house? I do.

Take your prettiest young woman and let her come out like a bursting spring shower, assisted by the property man. Let her twist her ambrosial locks full of gay ribbons and sing a song of all nations and wave flags of all kinds. It is an old gag, but it would go as a sandwich in the serious business. I hate to see a girl hang her harp on a willow tree and act as if she were paid for it. Give me the girl with a weakness for plays of all nations and a song to match, and you can go to Hamilton with your soul-throbbing, ice-cream-hearted girl who don't know a dead dog from a pansy blossom. French comedy is a chestnut, and a fortune awaits the man who will invent some new attachment for it with all modern improvements. Variety is the spice of life.

I think there should be a penal code to mitigate some of the horrors of the variety stage, but as a "fill in" I don't think it should be inveighed against too heartily. I think the trick vest would be an eight time winner in pretty nearly anything you do. How do you think it would strike the audience to appear between the acts in black face with a teacup hat, cuffs on your feet and stockings on your arms? I don't think you would add much to your reputation by hopping out in black tights and squirming like a contortionist. It is pretty and "taking," as they say, but "hit high" "hacting." I don't think a man should make himself hideous in order to act comedy or tragedy. Do you?

If you are anxious to pose as a first-class epidemic in some jay town, I would advise you to read some of my poetry or Jack Maclean's paragraphs to the audience, or smoke one of the cigars which O. B. Sheppard occasionally gives newspaper men. I know of nothing like any one of these things to set the reason toppling over like a corner in wheat or make us yearn for strong "red licker." I myself am responsible for widespread insanity through the soul-suds and heart-foam which my yearning comprehension has scattered along the path of my existence, and Jack Maclean and O. B. Sheppard are accountable for much famine, and pestilence and sudden death. If you want to be a scourge, now is the time to subscribe.

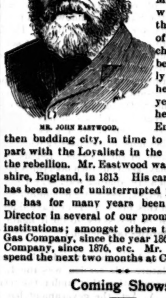
Perhaps the best thing you could do that would resound to the echo, would be to appear before the feet-lights as a rollicking, typical, dashing and howling New York masher from the Bowery. A few of him have escaped from his old haunts, and now caper nimbly up and down the land in the capacity of advance man for freak shows. You could warble a little, say Just Landed or I'm a Happy Little Something-or-other. You may think it would not take, but, poor as I am, I would bet a year's salary against yours that the audience would howl and go wild with enjoyment. The appearance of a New York masher in refined French comedy would be almost sure to cause comment. Don't take my word for it, but try it. The perpetual gloom of your French comedies ought to have a skylight of mirth and an English bay window.

No, most respected M. Coquelin, dear sir, you work the wrong game on this people. I know your high-priced acting is eloquent enough to stop all the clocks in town, and make the man keep quiet who stands in the public's way and rasps the double bass. Your oratory would stop up the crack of doom, but what is gained when you load a man up with words he can't understand and make hypocrites out of people who are lambent with an excess of lingual cult? Make your acting more joyful, spice it with funny business, intersperse it with cajolry and you will be all right.

Times change. Moliere and Shakespeare and Goethe were good writers in their day. I admit that myself. They probably could do better work of that kind than I can. But the thinking, intelligent public demand a revised edition of their work at this stage of the game, with brass ornaments and bric-a-brac thrown in.

Yours, Merely Suggestively,
HENNERY SNIFF.

The Oldest Merchant.



MR. JOHN EASTWOOD.

Amongst those who have lately taken wing for more southern latitudes, hoping to escape the severities of March winds, is Mr. John Eastwood, probably the oldest living of Toronto's merchants, having been continuously in business here since the year 1836, when he arrived from England, at the then budding city, in time to take an active part with the Loyalists in the suppression of the rebellion. Mr. Eastwood was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1813 His career in Toronto has been one of uninterrupted prosperity, and he has for many years been associated as Director in several of our prominent financial institutions; amongst others the Consumers' Gas Company, since the year 1867; Union Loan Company, since 1876, etc. Mr. Eastwood will spend the next two months at Charleston, S. C.

Coming Shows.

Next week the talented young actor E. H. Sothern will appear at the Grand in Lord Chumley.

At the Toronto Opera House next week the play will be The Main Line.

Trinity Talk.

Wilfred Davis, a graduate of '87, has removed from London to Toronto and is studying law with Smellie & Macrae. His familiar countenance is often seen in the rooms of his legion of friends at Trinity.

*

Rev. H. A. Johnston, L. T., '89, is now the curate of St. Ann's Church, where he preached his initial sermon last Sunday.

*

Professor Jones, on account of illness, which was fortunately only temporary, was unable to lecture during the early part of the week. A. H. Bradbury, '89, is another who is on the sick list, and has been confined to his room for several days.

A notice was recently posted by the authorities reminding the students that late leave extended only until 2 p.m. This extension was as surprising as it was unexpected. The mistake, however, was not as amusing as that made in a list of the Lenten services of a city church that adorned the college notice board. It conveyed the interesting intelligence that Evensong would be held at 5 a.m.

*

The medical examinations which commence on Monday will fill the Convocation Hall with numbers of incipient sawbones. They will endure a week of torture at Trinity, and the final men will then proceed to a more dreaded ordeal in the exams. of the Medical Council.

*

The last three meetings of the Literary Institute have been rendered unusually attractive by the recitations of Professor Boys. Trinity's classical professor is undoubtedly one of the best amateur elocutionists in Toronto, but of late he has seldom been prevailed upon to display his powers in public. Happily for the Trinity men with whom Professor Boys is deservedly popular, he has consented to recite *en famille* among the students at their general request. His renditions of The Execution of Montrose, King Robert of Sicily and Eugene Aram have been done in a masterly style. I believe we are to have the pleasure of hearing shortly the Professor's *piece de resistance* Rubinstein's Piano.

*

Besides a recitation from Professor Boys, the programme at the last meeting of the Literary Institute consisted of an essay by Mr. Houston on Alphonse Daudet, in which an interesting review of that charming novelist's life and character was given, and a debate on the Samoan difficulty. Messrs. Leech and Dunlop supported the German side of the question. Mr. Dunlop amused the audience by a condemnatory speech in which he wasted into the American Government with all the prejudice of a born Britisher. On the opposite Messrs. Howden and Thompson waxed eloquent in defence of the American view, and assailed Teuton aggressiveness with such eloquence that they succeeded in convincing the audience of the strength of their arguments.

*

Mr. Martin, the treasurer, submitted his report of the finances of the conversazione, showing a slight deficit, which has easily been provided for. Mr. White occupied the chairman's position in an able manner.

*

Episcopon, after a long period of absence, has signified that he is not in the mortal extremity that he has generally been suspected of. Whether, by some occult process, a more energetic set of editors has been appointed I know not, but the resuscitation of Father Episcopon is gladly hailed by all the students. The jocund undergraduate now busieth himself in penning many a satire and lampoon at the expense of his neighbor. These will be transmitted to the scribe who incorporates them in a MSS. called Episcopon, and reads them after a supper given in honor of the mythical sage. The visible form of Father Episcopon is supposed to be that of an animated skeleton of great mental and perceptive powers, who is the censor of the manners and morals of the denizens of Trinity. It has been suggested by a tyronic freshie, that the skeleton employed at the ambulance lectures is the embodiment of Episcopon himself, but that is a mistake, as the father is famous for his modesty and would certainly never display his members to the maids and matrons who attend the lectures, with the ostentation of which that impudent skeleton is guilty.

*

The address which Episcopon has delivered to his followers reads as follows: "Give heed, O! ye long suffering seniors and haughty freshmen, the fiat hath gone forth. Long have I been absent from my accustomed haunts, but now at last have I returned to my beloved children. Yea! and in good time for alas! many are the sacrilegious departures from the ancient rites and ordinances, and the freshman vauntedth himself as never of yore. Hearken then, for the counsel and reproof which thy ancient father dispenseth to thy erring children." The sage in advancing years has evidently increased in loquacity as much as he has diminished in grammatical precision. Episcopon will be read on Wednesday evening, April 3.

*

With the end of the Lent term comes the excitement which the annual elections in the Literary Institute are wont to provoke. Soon will be heard the voice of the busy canvasser and electioneer as he employs himself in industrious quest for votes. For some time the wire-puller, who wishes to gain an office, has been laying pipes towards the desired result, and many and varied have been the arts employed. Chiefly among the freshmen does the puller of ropes find a favorite field, and his labors appear to have met with some success. As a rule, however, I have noticed the good sense of the Trinity students revolts against the schemer and plotter, and the election night finds him left in the lurch. A new interest will be added to this year's contest by the combination which many of the freshmen appear to have formed. The nominations were made last night, and the voting will take place next Friday evening.

ERYX.

Personal.

H. B. Warner, advance agent for E. H. Sothern, was in town on Monday.

Mr. Peter F. Daly, traveling passenger agent for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R., was in town this week.

Mr. R. L. Patterson, who has been on the Pacific coast, arrived home yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Patterson, who met him in Chicago.

Mrs. James Pearson and daughter and Miss Holcombe have gone to Salt Springs, Georgia, for a few weeks.

The Snow Shoe Club held their annual At Home in the parlor of Shaftesbury Hall, on March 14. The committee of management consisted of Mr. H. Abram, Mr. Geo. Mitchell, Mr. Allen, Mr. R. Gault, Mr. Alf. Gault, Miss Dox Ellfort, Miss E. Jones, Miss Lockhart, Miss L. Hennesy, Miss M. Raynor. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

Canada Lodge C. O. O. F. had a pleasant little dance in Victoria Hall on Wednesday evening. The room was not unpleasantly crowded and the ladies present were thoroughly representative of the beautiful women for which the Queen City is famous. A select programme of dances was gone through with, and the party dispersed at an early hour. The following members composed the managing committee: Dr. J. E. Elliott, George Weston, H. McLean, T. Balmer, H. Sintzel, T. V. Gearing, G. H. Thorpe, W. Stanley, Alexander Robertson, W. Armson, J. Irimer, E. H. Dowzard, H. J. Hill, H. Collins, Alexander Patterson.

On the evening of March 14, the Rosedale Cricket Club held its annual meeting at Keachie's Hotel. The following officers were elected for the year: President, Mr. J. M. McDonald; First Vice-President, Mr. R. J. Stark; Second Vice-President, Mr. R. A. Montgomery; Secretary, Mr. A. H. Peiman; Assistant Secretary, Mr. H. Y. Howard; Treasurer, Mr. J. E. Hulett; Captain, Mr. W. Ledger; Committee, Mr. J. E. Martin, Mr. J. Bowbanks, Mr. L. Langstaff and Mr. G. W. King. A motion to the effect that the Rosedale C. C. should join the Ontario Cricket Association was unanimously carried. Indications point to this club having a good season.

The Toronto Hebrew congregation, Goel Tsedec, held their first annual Purim ball and supper in Union Hall, on Monday evening. There were about one hundred couples present. Among those present were Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Tepper, Mr. and Mrs. W. Simon, Mr. Morris J. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. H. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. H. Albert, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Taube, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bachrack, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Proctor, the Misses Rosenthal, the Misses Bennett, Ald. J. E. Verral, McGillvray, Capt. Munroe, Lieut. McKenzie, Miss Dawson, Messrs. John Kennedy, John McMurray, B. Cohen of Buffalo, J. Gosnel of England, S. Marks, sen., John New, D. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. M. Simousky, Mr. S. Simousky and Dr. Pickering.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The rink closed for this season last Saturday night, much to the regret of the young people who have patronized it. The tobogganing and driving parties are also pleasures of the past, as the snow is quickly disappearing.

Mrs. J. Henderson of Bellevue gave a musicale recently for a few friends.

Miss Strathy returned to Toronto last Saturday.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of the Imperial Bank of Toronto spent Sunday in town and was the guest of Mrs. G. J. Mason of Harr Hall.

Miss Grace Campbell has returned home again after spending a few weeks in Collingwood.

Mrs. B. Nicholson spent a few days in Toronto last week.

Lieut. Chas. Kortright left for Plymouth, England, on Monday, March 18.

Mr. F. Bourchier of the Batteau was in town lately.

[A communication from Eye Glass received some weeks ago was too late for insertion. Thanks for the offer, but we have a correspondent at present.—ED.]

WOODSTOCK.

The communication received from Watch Tower is not published on account of the writer's name not being attached.

SIX O'CLOCK IN THE BAY

New Sea Song by the Composer of "The Little Hero," "The Midshipmite," and "Nancy Lee."

SIX O'CLOCK IN THE BAY

Sung by Mr. Maybrick with tumultuous success. Words by WESTGEALT.

"Baritones were sighing for another 'Nancy Lee,' and here is a ditty that cannot fail to remind them of their old favorite."—*Sunday Times.*

"Of the new songs STEPHEN ADAMS' 'Six O'Clock in the Bay,' a bright nautical ditty of the 'Nancy Lee' type, will be most popular."—*Referee.*

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Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

An Hour With William Black.

One of his own favorite nists was creeping up from the sea as I rang at the door of Mr. William Black's charming residence in Brighton. Upon being admitted I found myself in a large hall, wherein hung a fine engraving representing McCleod of Dare gazing over the dawn-lit Thames. As the drawing-room door was opened a short, well-knit man, clad in a Norfolk shooting jacket, wearing spectacles, with a moustache that, like his hair, is already turning grey, came forward to meet me with a kind and homely Scottish greeting.

MR. W. BLACK.

"Well," said the great novelist, "and so you want to talk with me about my books. You will have to keep me to the point, for all my interest in life at the present moment lies in the prospect of my salmon fishing tour this month in Scotland. I hate talking about my books. I always like to forget them once they are written, but still I shall be very happy to give you any information I can." "Well, Mr. Black," I replied, "I have come only to talk to you about your books. I have often heard it said that none but an artist could have written the descriptions of scenery that you have written, could so well have painted the light and shadow upon a mountain side, or the gleam upon the waters. You must have watched and studied nature very carefully." "Exactly," was the reply, "and also because I go to nature with a mind unprejudiced. Your scientific man, always excepting Darwin, invariably takes with him a theory, and he strives to bend facts to his theory. I am like the artists, who are almost always right. They paint what they see. Look for instance at this Colin Hunter of mine "taking down a beautiful seascape which the artist had given him; "there you have an exact representation of a rough day off the Scottish coast. Look at that dark cloud creeping up from the horizon, and notice how its shadow is reflected even in the smallest wave. There is no light and shade there haphazard, or which you would not see in real life. And in writing it depends so much upon the spirit in which you view a thing.

"I always study my subject before writing upon it. For instance, in Sunrise, I make constant allusion to Russian Nihilism: all my information I gathered from special sources, but I have been much amused at the way in which people have even now constantly writing to me about relatives who are missing in Russia, and who they think are victims to some secret society." Just at this moment, for we had been walking up and down the room in a most casual fashion, Mr. Black stood opposite a clever pencil sketch of Mary Anderson, which I much admired. "Yes," said he, "it is very good indeed: she is a great friend of my wife." "Have you ever introduced her into any of your books?" I asked. "Well, no," was the reply, as a slow smile broke over the pleasant countenance, "not altogether; I may have had her in my mind now and again, but I never draw my characters from one person only: it would not be a real human portrait, not sufficient variety. Queen Titania, however, is so far a portrait that it very fairly represents my sister." "Ah, yes," I said, "we all love her, and I expect a good many mothers have sympathized with her in her horror of football." "Well," replied Mr. Black, with a hearty laugh, "horror or no horror, those boys of hers are now quite celebrated players, and are always in great request on the football field."

Having heard that Mr. Black is one of those few novelists read by the Queen, I asked him if this was the case. "Really," said he, "I never heard it. She loves the Highlands and the people, and you know I do, so that doubtless my books interest her so far; indeed, I happen to know that she was much pleased with one of them. You were asking a short time back which of my books I liked best myself. On the whole I prefer Madcap Violet. Now put that paper and pencil away and have done with business; I am sure you have written enough, and we'll have a look at my pictures; I can see you are fond of them." And indeed his choice was very charming: a clever little sketch by himself, for he is quite an artist, very much in the impressionist style, just indicated a stormy, murky London sunset as seen from Denmark-hill, while its companion as cleverly showed the dawn, as it might be next morning, upon the mountains that stood round a lonely Highland tarn, and across which a flight of wild birds were swiftly winging their way. Elaborated sketches for McCleod of Dare, Madcap Violet, Shandon Bells, were there in profusion, while at one end of the room a very fine oil painting representing an old Puritan father reading evening prayer to his household greatly attracted my attention.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Too Thin.

Though the phrase, too thin, as ordinarily used by schoolboys and others, may now be styled vulgar, the words may be used in a perfectly orthodox manner. Thin is equivalent to transparent—easily seen through, and, as a metaphor, seems to involve the aid of a veil (such as the ancients call ventus text ilis, or woven wind), which served to display as much as to conceal the person. It is in this sense, evidently, that Shakespeare used the words in King Henry VIII, act five, scene two, where the king says:

> You were ever good at sudden commendation,
> Bishop Winchester. But know I come not
> To hear such flattery now; and in my presence
> They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

That is, "Your commendations are too transparent to hide your offences." Another instance of the use of the words may be found in Smollett's novel of Peregrine Pickle, published in 1751. When the hero suddenly informs his lady love, Amelia, that he is going abroad, the tears gushed into her eyes, and she was at great pains to conceal the cause of her grief by observing that the tea was so scalding hot as to make her eyes water. "This pretext," says Smollett, "was too thin to impose on her lover, or to deceive the observations of her friend Sophy." There is nothing vulgar in saying that a pretext is too thin, and this is what is meant by the modern elliptical phrase.

Our Pauper Millionaires.

Our modern millionaires, rich though they may seem to us, are mere paupers when compared in wealth to the Midases of old. Neither Jay Gould, Vanderbilt, the Duke of Westminster, Astor, Rhinelander, nor Rothschild, owns a tithe of the vast hoards possessed by the ancients, the misuse of which provoked the downfall of the Roman State. Tiberius, the second Emperor of Rome, left to Caligula a sum of money in hard cash equivalent to $136,125,000, which, if history is to be believed, the latter gentleman spent in one year of royal and unbounded spree. Cæsar began life owing $10,000,000, and before he ended it had got through $735,000,000 of public treasure. Not the greatest of our boodlers ever even dreamt of such omnivorous embezzlement. Crœsus had a nice little nest egg, $10,000,000, besides real estate and slaves beyond counting.

Society Women Drink.

An American society paper says: "The taste for strong drink is largely on the increase among our society women, and even some young girls of my acquaintance keep gin and brandy in their dressing-rooms, and when they feel low do not hesitate to take a pull out of the bottle. The fact is, a delicate feminine constitution becomes rapidly impaired by the dissipations and excitements of a fashionable season, and women soon discover that if they desire to follow the thing out to the bitter end, it is absolutely necessary to brace up on something. I don't believe any woman of culture or refinement ever takes to dram drinking for the mere pleasure of it. She exhausts her strength, her system craves stimulant, and so she buys a flask of Hollands, or a bottle of Cognac. Before she knows it very often the mischief is done, and she is as dependent upon her drinks as she is upon her dinner."

Degrees of Intimacy.

Pyppyus—I can't go that fellow Soaker. He's puffeck bwute.

Snyppyus—How so?

Pyppyus—Why, I've only known him a couple of months, and he, bwove, at the club I was tawking to him and the boozy beggaw went to sleep wight befaw my eyes.

Snyppyus—He probably thought that so far he was only a nodding acquaintance.

Why She Wasn't Vexed.

Mrs. Quimby—I think that man's ingratitude is simply shameful.

Mrs. Ormsby—And why?

"You have been married a year. Does your husband speak as kindly to you as before your wedding?

"No; he doesn't."

"You don't seem vexed about it."

"I am not vexed. My husband has such a cold that he can't speak to me to-day."

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

There are undoubtedly amongst those who can afford to dress well, and whose social position makes it a duty to do so, a few who would as lief wear cheap, ill-fitting and unfashionable garments, as those which are elegant, well fitting and in good style. The fact is that deep down in every masculine heart there is a fondness for dress, but man likes dress naturally. He cannot help it. It is seldom indeed that any man orders a suit of clothes, or even a single garment, without carefully selecting the material and giving special instructions about what he conceives to be style. The commencement of each season is therefore of much interest to all men who have the means to buy fashionable garments. The Fashionable West End Tailor has much pleasure in intimating to his friends and the public generally, that he has just received his importation of woolens for spring and summer wear, and would invite inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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NUTRITIOUS, ECONOMICAL

and is, in its proportions of flesh-formers, heat-formers and mineral salts, a most perfect diet!

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Spring Fashions

Revue de la Mode, L' Art de la Mode, Season Delineator, Young Ladies' Journal, Le Bon Ton, Metropolitan, &c., &c.

March Numbers

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THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
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Is a great *success* in change of bangs. All those ladies who have adopted it express their greatest satisfaction. Letters in which the ladies express their delight are coming in daily. Price $4.50. Mailed to any part of the Dominion or United States on receipt of $4.75.

All styles of bangs and fronts well at half-prices. Waves, Wigs, Switches, Bandeaux, etc Best quality: best finished goods in the market. Real Tortoiseshell and real Amber Hair Ornaments. Few samples left of the Finest Steel Ornaments (very fashionable). Mr. Armand's Eau de Quinine for cleansing the head of dandruff, stimulates the healthy action of the skin and fortifies the hair. Price 50c. and $1.

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Great German Hair Magic

The equal of this great preparation is yet to be found. It is an unfailing Restorer for Gray Hair. It stops and prevents all Falling Out of the Hair. It Removes all Dandruff and keeps the scalp clean. On Bald Heads (if there are but the faintest traces of roots) the "Magic" will produce a fine growth. Will you try it? or will you let your hair go, and become permanently old? What do you say? All druggists everywhere have it for sale. Ask for it. Do not let the druggist tell you he has "something just as good." See that each bottle bears seal and signature

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Qualities unsurpassed, and prices 25 per cent. less than down town houses.

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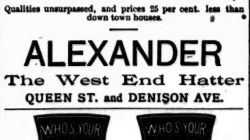

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Will, on MONDAY, the 4th of MARCH, commence opening their first shipment of 225 cases of Early Spring Novelties. Grand display in every department, especially in Silks, Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Staple and House Furnishing Goods. An early inspection invited by

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WHEN ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES FROM THE
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Fine French Beiges, Printed Cashmeres, Border and French Combination Suitings, Henrietta Cloths in all the New Leading Shades

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In Braids, Galoons, Etc., Etc., to Match.

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As formerly, will be one of our special features this season. Having increased our staff of hands and enlarged our premises, we will be in a much better position than ever to turn out ordered work on the shortest possible notice.

OUR REPUTATION
FOR
MANTLES
is so well known that it hardly needs special notice, suffice it to say that
THE DISPLAY THIS SEASON
WILL SURPASS
any of our former efforts

LADIES, We will be delighted to have you call on
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"THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M. E. BRADDON,

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CHAPTER XI.

"The comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills."

The *damedu comptoir* beckoned a waiter, and delegated some portion of her supreme authority to him for the next quarter of an hour. She constituted as it were a Regency, and gave her subordinate command over her wine and liquer bottles, her fine champagne, Bass and Guinness; and then she ushered Theodore Dalbrook into a very small sitting-room at the back of the counter, so small indeed that a large looking glass, a porcelain stove, two arm chairs, and one little table left hardly standing room.

Theodore followed with a sense of bewildernment. He had told himself that the island of Jersey was a world so small that he could not have much difficulty in tracing any man who had lived and died there within the last ten years; but an accident had been kinder to him than he had hoped.

The lady seated herself in one of the ruby velvet arm chairs, and motioned him to the other.

"You have given me a shock, monsieur," she said. "My friends in the island know that my marriage was unfortunate, and they never mention my husband. He is forgotten as if he had never been. I sometimes fancy that year of my life was only a troubled dream. Even my name is unchanged. I was called Mdlle. Coralie before I married. I am called Madame Coralie now."

"I am sorry to have caused you painful emotion, Madame, but it is most important to me to trace the history of your husband's later years, and I deem myself very fortunate in having found you"

"Is it about a property, a fortune left him, perhaps?" exclaimed Madame Coralie with a sudden animation, her fine eyes lighting up with hope.

"Alas, no. Fortune had nothing in reserve for your unlucky husband."

"Unlucky, indeed, but so unlucky as I was in giving my heart to him. I knew that he was a drunkard, I knew that he had been turned out of the navy, and out of the mercantile marine on account of that dreadful vice—but he—he was very fond of me, poor fellow, and he swore that he would never touch a glass of brandy again as long as he lived if I would consent to marry him. He did turn over a new leaf for a time, and kept himself sober and steady, and would hang over that counter for a whole evening talking to me, and take nothing but black coffee. I thought I could reform him. I thought it would be a grand thing to reform a man like that, a gentleman bred and born, a man whose father had been a great landowner, and whose family name was one of the oldest in England. He was a gentleman in all his ways. He never forgot himself even when he had been drinking. He was a gentleman to the last. Such a fine-looking man too. While he was courting me and keep himself steady he got back his good looks. He looked ten years younger, and I was very proud of him the day we were married. He had taken a house for me, a nice little house on the hill near the Jesuits' College, with a pretty little garden, and I had furnished it out of my savings. I had saved a goodish bit since I came to Jersey, for my uncle is a rich man, and my situation here is a good one. I had over two hundred pounds in hand after I paid for the furniture—these chairs were in my bed-room—and he hadn't much more than the clothes he stood upright in, poor fellow. But I wouldn't have minded that if he had only kept himself steady. I was quite prepared to work for him. I knew I should have to keep him. He was too much of a gentleman to be able to work except in his profession, and he was quite gone from him for ever; so I knew it was incumbent on me to work for both, and I thought that by letting our drawing-rooms for the season, and by doing a little millinery all the year round—I'm a good milliner, you see, monsieur—I thought I could manage to keep a comfortable home, without touching my two hundred pounds in the Savings Bank."

"You were a brave, unselfish girl to think so."

"Ah s'r, we are not unselfish when we love. I was very fond of him, poor fellow. I had begun with pitying him, and then he was a thoroughbred gentleman—he was a *belle sache*, monsieur, and I have always admired the noblesse. I am no Republican, mol. And he had such winning ways when he was sober, and he was not stupid as other men are when he was drunk—only more brilliant—*la tete montee—helas, comme il petillait d'esprit*—but it was his brain that he drinked away, that was the fuel that made the light. But how is it you interest yourself in him, monsieur?" she asked suddenly, fixing him with her sharp black eyes. "You say it is not about property. You must have a motive, all the same."

"I have a motive, but my interest is not personal. I am acting for someone who now owns the Strangway estate, and who wishes to know what has become of the old family."

"What can it matter to anyone?" asked Madame Coralie suspiciously. They had lost all their money—of the land that had been theirs not an acre was left. Why, the business was it of anyone's what became of them when they were driven from their birthplace. Oh, poor my poor Frederick! sadly the race had possessed itself of his estate. There was nothing too bad for them. When he was excited he would rave about them awfully—a beggarly lawyer, a black hearted scoundrel, that is what he would call Lord—Lord Sherrington, when he had been drinking."

Theodore's brow grew thoughtful. How strange this seemed, almost like a confirmation of Juanita's superstitious horror of the banished race. Perhaps it was not unnatural that an unlucky spendthrift, reckless, disgraced—should hate the favorite of fortune who had ousted him; but not with a hate capable of murder, murder in cold blood, the murder of a man who had never injured him even indirectly.

"Your husband has been dead some years, I conclude," he said presently.

"Three years and a half on the tenth of last month."

"And you had a troublesome time with him, I fear."

"Trouble seems a light word for what I went through. It was like a living hell—there is no other word—the hell which the drunkman can make of all around him. For a few weeks he went on quietly—he seemed contented, and I was very happy—I thought I had cured him. I watched him as a cat watches a mouse, for fear he should go wrong again. He never went out without me; and at home I did all that a woman can do to make much of a varied, disgusting him in everything, surrounding him with every little luxury I could afford, cooking dainty little meals for him, petting him as if he had been an idolized child. He seemed grateful, for the first few weeks, and almost happy. Then I saw he was beginning to mope a little—he got low spirited, and would sit over the fire and brood—it was cutting March weather—and would mope over his blighted life, and his one folly. If I had to begin over again, he would say, 'ah, it would be different, Cora, it would be all different.'"

"He was quite unkind to you?"

"No, he was never unkind, never. To the last, when he died raving mad with delirium tremens, he was always kind. It was seeing his madness and his ruin that made my trouble. He was violent sometimes, and threatened to kill me, but that was only when he didn't know me. I watched him moping for a week or so, and then one day, I was so unhappy at seeing him fret, that I thought I would do anything to cheer him. I fancied he missed the company in the house, and the cards and dominoes and billiards—for before we were married he used to dine at the table d'hote two or three times a week, and would be in the cafe or the billiard room every night."

"How did he manage to live without a profession, and without ostensible means?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"God knows. I think he used to write to his old friends—his brother officers in the navy—the merchant service, I think—he got a little from one and a little from another. He would borrow of anyone. And there was a small legacy from his mother's sister, which came to him soon after he came to Jersey. That was all gone before I married him. He hadn't a penny after he'd paid the marriage fees. Well, after that, we settled him so downhearted I proposed that he should go down to the Belle Alliance and have a game at billiards and see his old friends—he used to like that very much, I said, 'my uncle will treat you hospitably.' He seemed pleased at the idea, and he promised to be home early; but just as he was leaving the house he turned back and said there was a little bill of thirty shillings he owed to a bootmaker in the street round the corner, and he should like to pass the man's shop without paying. Would I let him have the money? It was the first money he'd asked me for since we were married, and I hadn't the heart to say no. I went to my little cash-box and took out three half sovereigns. I told him that the money meant a week's housekeeping, that we should have dinners, don't I, Fred', I said, 'but you've no idea how economical I am.' He laughed and kissed me, and said he hated economy, and wished he had a fortune for my sake, and he went down the street whistling. Well, sir, perhaps you can guess what happened. He came home at three o'clock next morning mad with drink, and then I knew he was not to be cured. I went on trying all the same, though, till the last; and I lived the life of a soul in torment; and I was fond of him to the last, and saw him killing himself inch by inch, and saw him die a dreadful death, one year and two months after I took to wife dying day. He spent every penny I had in the world, and my uncle helped us when that was gone, and I came back to this house after his funeral a broken-hearted woman. All my furniture which I'd worked for was sold to pay the rent, and the doctors, and the undertaker. I just saved the furniture in this room, and that is all that is left of four hundred and seventy pounds and of my married life."

"You were indeed the victim of a generous and confiding heart."

"I was fond of him to the last, Monsieur, and I forgave him all my sufferings. Let no woman that lives ever marry a drunkard with the hope of reforming him."

"Do you never meet in your martyrdom, had your husband no relatives left to help him on his dying bed?"

"Not one. He told me he was the last of his race. He never had disdained relations, I suppose; but his elder brother was dead, and his sister."

"You are sure his brother was dead?"

"Yes; he fell into the water at Nice on a dark evening, when he was going on board the steamer from Genoa. I have got the paper with the account of his death."

"Will you show me that paper, and any other documents relating to your husband's family? I have no right to ask such a favor; but all I can say is that I shall be very grateful if you will so far oblige me."

The table drawer was full of swing in the adjoining room, as testified by the clattering of plates and the jingle of knives and forks, and a subdued murmur of voices, whose confidential conversations carried on simultaneously.

"You want to see my poor Fred's private papers, said the widow meditatively. "That's the strangest thing, I don't think there are any secrets in them that can hurt anybody above ground. The Colonel is dead, and his sister. My husband died raving mad. But I can understand why anybody should want to pry into a dead man's papers, unless there's property hanging to them."

She looked at Theodore suspiciously, as if she could not divest herself of the idea of a fortune having turned up somehow, unexpectedly; a fortune to which her dead husband was entitled.

"There is no property, I assure you." It is a question of sentiment, of family pride."

"You're a lawyer, I suppose?" said Coralie, still suspiciously.

"I am bound that it was only lawyers who went about prying into the affairs of the dead.

"I am a lawyer; but the business which brings me to Jersey is not law business.

"Well, I don't see how any harm can come to me through your seeing my husband's papers. There's not many to see—a few letters from his mother, and two or three from a lawyer about the legacy, and a dozen or so from old friends, refusing or sending him money. You've got to know him, sir, and I'm sure you could sympathize with me, though you're a stranger—so—well—you may see his letters, though it hurts me to touch anything that belonged to him, poor fellow, poor fellow."

She took a bunch of keys from her pocket, unlocked the little secretaire, and from one of the drawers of it she took a bundle of old letters and cuttings from newspapers, which she handed to Theodore Dalbrook, and then seated herself diagonally to him, placed her elbows on the table, and watched him while he read, keenly on the alert for any revelation of his purpose which might escape him in the course of his reading. She had not altogether relinquished that idea of an inheritance, or legacy—property of some kind—involved in this endeavor to trace a dead man's history. The explanation which Theodore had given had not convinced her. He had confessed himself a lawyer, and that was in itself enough to make her doubt him.

The cuttings from old newspapers belonged to the days when Frederick Strangway had commanded a merchant ship, to the days when he fought in the Chinese war. Some of them recorded the honor he had won for himself at Canton, Ningpo, and Shanghai, and it was only natural that these should have been carefully preserved by him in all his wanderings. But there were other cuttings—the report of the court martial that broke him—the sentence by which he stood accused of having raked the loss of his ship with all hands aboard by his absolute folly, and a dreadful story, and a long story. This had been kept by one of those strange perversities of the human mind which takes a man's secret and treasures it—a secret which must wring his heart and bow his head with shame every time he looks at them. There were other extracts of a like shameful kind—reports of street rows, two cases of drunken assault in San Francisco, one of a fight in Sydney harbor. He had kept them all as if they had been words of praise to him.

The letters were most of them trivial—letters from brother officers of the past—"very sorry to hear of his misfortunes," "regret inability to do more than the enclosed small check," "the numerous claims upon my purse render it impossible for me to grant the loan requested," the usual variations upon the old tune in which a heavily taxed pater familias fences with the appeal of an unlucky acquaintance. They were such letters as are left by the portmanteau full among the effects of the man who has lost self-respect, or for whom the world has been too hard.

Theodore put aside all this correspondence after a brief glance, and there remained only four letters in the same strong, resolute hand, the hand of Reginald Strangway.

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"MY DEAR FRED—Sorry to leave your letter so long unanswered, but have been bothered about a great many things. My wife has been out of health for nearly a year. The doctors thought change it affected, and tell me I ought to get her away from England before the winter. As things have been going very badly with me for a long time, I felt it was no use trying to cut this beastly town, where the men who have made their money, God knows how, are now upon the rise of the wave, and by their reckless expenditure have made it impossible for a man of small means to live in London—if he wants to live like a gentleman. Everything is twice as dear as it used to be when I was a bachelor. My wife and I are pigging in two rooms on a second floor in Jermyn street. I live at my club, and dine lives on her relatives, so that we don't often have to sit down to a lodging-house dinner of burnt solids and greasy chops; but the whole business is wretched. She has to go to parties in a four wheel cab, and I can hardly afford the risk of a rubber. So I shall be uncommonly glad to cut it all, and settle in some out of the way place where living is cheap, and where the climate will suit Millicent.

"My first idea was Algiers, but things are all mixed up there, and I was so much know'd by Lambton, of the Guards, has been shooting in Corsica lately, and came home with a glowing account of the climate and the cheapness of the island. He brought back a wife and family that look comfortable; so I have determined on Corsica. We shall be within a few days' sail of Nice, so not out of the world in the civilization, and we can live there how we like, without entertaining a mortal, and wear out our old clothes. Millicent, who is fond of novelty, is in love with the notion, and Dangerfield has behaved very well to her, promising her an extra hundred a year if we will quietly and keep out of debt, which, considering he is a poor man, is very good of him. As for my creditors, they are pretty quiet since I got Aunt Belle's legacy, part of which I divided among them, and they know perfectly they'll have to be still quieter when I'm settled in Corsica.

"Of course, you heard of that wretched scrape I had with Lord Dangerfield last year. God knows what will become of her. I believe she had been carrying on rather badly for some time before Tom found out anything. You know what an ass he is. Well, I went to get hold of a letter one evening—met the postman at the door and took her letters along with his own—and didn't like the look of one, and opened it; and then there was an infernal row, and she just put on her bonnet and shawl, walked out of the house and called a cab and drove off. He followed in another cab, but it was a foggy night, and he lost her before she'd gone far. They were in lodgings in Essex street, and I got down to the place, I know another in the Strand on a foggy evening. She never went back to him, and he went all over London denouncing her, naming first one man and then another, but without any definite idea as to who the real man was. The letter was only a sentimental one, and I don't believe Tom only knew by sight—but he could see it was an appointment at a theater, for the theater and hour were named. She snatched the letter out of his hand while she was quarreling, I've told me, and chucked it into the fire, so he hasn't even the man's handwriting as evidence against him. However, I'm sorry to say there's no doubt he can do so, if he takes the trouble. I am sorry she should disgrace her family, and of course my wife feels this scandal uncommonly hard upon her. I can't say that I feel any pity for Tom Darcy. She had led a wretched life with him ever since he sold out, and I don't much wonder at her being desperate to be rid of him. As it's Tom's business to shoot her lover, and not mine, I shan't mix myself up in the affair—and as for her, well, she has made her bed—!"

There was more in the letter, but the rest was of no interest to Theodore.

The letter was dated January 3, 1851.

Three of the remaining letters were from Corsica, and contained nothing of any significance. A fourth was written from Genoa, in answer to an appeal for money, and the date was twelve years later than the first. It was a gloomy letter, the letter of a man who had drunk the cup of disappointment to the dregs.

"To ask me for help seems like a ghastly joke on your part. Whatever your troubles may be, I fancy my lookout is darker than yours. My wife and I have vegetated on that accursed island for just a dozen years—it seems like a lifetime to look back upon. We just had enough to live upon while my father was alive, for, bad as things were at Cheriton, he contrived to send me something. Now that he has gone, and the estate has been sold by the mortgagees, there is nothing left for me—and we have been living for the last two years upon the pittance my poor Milly gets from her father. Whatever your cares may be, you don't know what it is to live with a sick wife who constantly requires every luxury and indulgence, and to have barely enough for bread and cheese. If you were to see the house we live in—the tiled floors and the dilapidated furniture—and the windows that won't shut—and the shutters that won't open, and our two Corsican servants who look like a brace of savages, to know they are good creatures in the main—you would be the last man to howl about your own troubles to us.

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"Yes, dear Lady Jane, you did tell me; it was very funny," replied Juanita, with a faint smile.

She could not tell that adoring grandmother that the children were a burden to her, and that those intelligent speeches and delightful mispronunciations of polysyllabic words which convulsed parents and grandparent seemed to add perceptibly to her own gloom. She pretended to be interested in Johnnie, and she martyrised herself every afternoon by showing Susie picture-books, and explaining the pictures, or by telling Lucy her favorite Hans Anderson story, which never palled upon that young listener.

"You think you would like a new one?" Juanita would ask.

"No, no, not a new one—the same please. I want 'The Proud Darning Needle.'"

"So the adventures of "The Proud Darning Needle" had to be read or related as the case might be.

Juanita took Lady Jane's advice and spent the greater part of every day in the morning-room or library, that room which had been Godfrey's den. It was further from the staircase than any other sitting-room, and the clatter and the shrill voices were somewhat modified by distance. The house party amused themselves after their heart's desire, and worked the horse with the true metropolitan feeling that a horse is an animal designed for locomotion, and that he can't have too much of it. Lady Jane was the most indulgent of deputy mistresses, and spent all breakfast time in cutting sandwiches of a particularly dainty kind for her sons-in-law, so that they might be sustained between the luxurious home breakfast at nine and the copious luncheon with which the cart met the shooters somewhere at half-past one. When the shooters had started there were the little Grenvilles to slave for: and Lady Jane spent another half-hour in seeing them off upon their morning constitutional, Lucy on her Shetland, and Johnnie, Susie and Godolphin on their short little legs, with groom and nurses in attendance. There were so many wraps to be adjusted, so many injunctions to be given to nurses and groom, so many little pockets to be filled with gingerbreads and queen-cakes, while Mrs. Grenville looked on, and protested against grandmamma's infraction of hygienic rules. Dr. Dudley Bruce had said they must never eat between meals.

Juanita rarely appeared before afternoon tea, when she was generally in her own particular easy chair by the fire, intrenched round by a sheltered Indian screen, which was big enough to include a couple of tables and a pouff, before the sisters-in-law came in from their afternoon drive, or the shooters dropped in after their day in the woods. There were no other guests than the sisters and their husbands; and it was an understood thing that no one else should be asked, unless it were Lord and Lady Cheriton, the Dalbrooks from Dorchester, or Mr. Scarsdale.

No one could have been sweeter than the young widow was to her visitors during the hours she spent with them, listening with inexhaustible patience to Ruth Greville's graphic account of the measles as lately "taken" by her whole brood, with all the after consequences of the malady, and the quantity of cod-liver oil and quinine consumed by each patient; pretending to be interested in Jessica Morningside's perpetual disquisitions upon smart people and smart people's frocks; and in every way performing her duty as a hostess.

And yet George Grenville was not altogether satisfied.

"I'll tell you what it is, Ruth," he said to his wife one night, in the luxurious privacy of the good old-fashioned bedroom, seated on the capacious sofa in front of the monumental four-poster, with elaborately-turned columns, richly-moulded cornice and heavy damask curtains; the kind of bedstead for which our ancestors gave fifty guineas, and for which no modern auctioneer can obtain a bid of fifty shillings; "I'll tell you what it is, Ruth," repeated Mr. Grenville, frowning at the fire, "either your brother's widow gives herself confounded airs or there is something in the wind."

"I'm afraid so, George," replied his wife, meekly.

"You're afraid of what? Why the deuce can't you be coherent? Afraid of her airs——"

"I'm afraid there is—something in the wind," faltered the submissive lady. "I suppose it's the best thing that could happen to her, poor girl, for a nursery will be an occupation for her mind, and prevent her brooding on her loss; but this place would have been very nice for Johnnie all the same."

"I should think it would indeed, and he ought not to be swindled out of it," said Mr. Grenville, with a disgusted air. "I—I am surprised at your sister-in-law! I have always considered that there is a kind of indelicacy in a posthumous child. It may be a prejudice on my part, but I have always felt a sort of revulsion when I have heard of such creatures," and Mr. Grenville curled his lordly aquiline nose, and made a wry face at the jovial fire, blazing hospitably, heaped high with coals and wood, and roaring up towards the frosty sky.

(To be Continued.)

She Needed Assurance.

"My dear," said young Flinkins to his newly married wife at the dinner table, "I must congratulate you on your bread—it is simply superb."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and this steak. It is done just right—simply delicious."

"Does the coffee suit you?"

"It couldn't be surpassed."

"Harry," she said, rising and looking at him with a face that wore a mingled expression of sadness and distrust, "tell me one thing; look me in the eye when you say it."

"What shall I say?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Say that you are not deceitful."

He Knew.

Mrs. Brogan—An' phat do ye think o' th' ole chair now, Misther Daley? Oi had the sate caned.

Mr. Daley—Och, bedad! an' it's much improved it should be. Oi had th' same experience meself in me early days.—*Tit-Bits.*

A Matter of Business.

Farmer—I didn't have any money for the paper, so I thought I would bring you in a load of turnips.

Editor—Yes; that's as good to me as the money. Er—before you go, Mr. Hayseed, there's a little matter I'd like to speak to you about.

Farmer—Well, what is it?

Editor—You don't want to buy a load of turnips, do you?

A Pair of Chapped Lips.

"This weather chaps one's lips so! A box of lip-salve—the tinted sort," half whispers a girl at the counter of the drug store, where I am buying a package of court-plaster.

A smile steals over my face—I feel it—and the clerk who waits on me, after he has taken the young lady's order and opened the door for her, with a very gallant bow, says:

"That's one of the way ladies take to color their lips. They always want the tinted, no-tinted."

I laugh politely at his witticism, but I am not thinking of the lip salve, but of the lips. A pair of chapped lips came very near altering the whole course of my life once. I'll tell you about it:

I was awfully in love with Marcia Morse even before I knew her. I used to follow her about; buy gloves at a counter where she was buying some; ride miles out of my way, because she was taking a car in that direction; listen to the dullest sermons ever preached because the church she attended was that which was unfortunate enough to have put the Reverend Mr. Longdrawl into the pulpit, and at last, when I had the happiness of obtaining an introduction, I exhibited an ardor that I do not notice in young people nowadays. I courted her, I won her, and I contrived to get her to set the day—aul in six months. Though I was studying medicine, I had plenty of money in my own right, and was not obliged to wait to make my fortune before I took a wife, as most newfledged doctors do.

Marcia was peculiarly situated. Her widowed mother had married a celebrated foreigner—I never knew what he was or where he came from, by the way—and was not very anxious that he should know that she had a daughter of seventeen. Therefore, she did not summon her to Italy, where she resided in some magnificence, but left her still at Miss Garland's school, where she was now little more than a boarder, taking the extras.

The dear mamma was good enough to write from the "Palace," whence she dated her letters, that she was charmed with what she heard of Mr. Ferdinand Roth, and knew his family. She also sent her "darling daughter" some lovely pearls, and as Miss Garland was delighted to have the wedding take place in her parlors, all was happily arranged. The chances that everything would run smoothly were very great, and but for a pair of chapped lips I presume I should have no story whatever to write—nothing to look back upon which could make me sympathize with lovers in distress—if there are any nowadays. But to continue:

I was a privileged person at the "institute," and could call and ask for Miss Morse whenever I pleased, and I availed myself of the privilege very frequently.

One evening I ventured to ring the bell at the hour between daylight and darkness which preceded tea-time, and being shown into the parlor, was informed that Miss Morse was out, but would be in soon.

"Shall I light a lamp?" asked the maid.

But I replied that I preferred the twilight, and drew near the window to watch for Marcia's coming. As I did so a voice cried:

"Oh, Mr. Roth, the other chair, please! I'm in this one—Miss Patterson!"

And when I had, with many apologies, taken the other chair, and was beginning to thank fortune that I had not made an awkward blunder, Miss Patterson began to chatter.

"What frightful weather you do have North! Down in Texas, where I was raised, it is always lovely!"

"I should say so," said I. "I suppose that is why girls who come from Texas are always so charming."

"Do you think so?" cried Miss Patterson, with a giggle. "I thought your North gentlemen just hated the South young ladies—don't you, really?"

I told her that we usually fell in love with them at first sight.

Sallie Patterson was a girl no man could help flirting with, and she slapped me with a magazine she had in her hand, and I caught it; then I said:

"What a lovely rose you have in your belt!" and she allowed me to smell it.

"Is it not?" she said. "I had never flirted with Marcia; I was too deeply in love with her. But I was not to be expected to sit like a dummy and say nothing to a jolly little thing like Sallie.

"A hot house flower," said she. "Now, in Texas there are roses like that blooming out-of-doors to-day. I declare I don't care to go out. My hands are all chapped; and naturally silk floss won't stick to them—that's the test of a real lady, you know—but here they get like a washer-woman's."

"Don't believe it," said I. "May I touch one of them?"

"I caught it.

"Why, it's like alabaster!" said I.

"No; they are just as rough—and, oh, my lips!" said she. "You ought to see them!"

Satan was certainly at my elbow.

"Can't in the dark," said I. "I must apply the test of touch."

I caught her about the waist as I spoke and kissed her on the softest, plumpest lips you can imagine. I thought myself challenged to do it, and I still believe that I was. But at this identical moment the imp who had led me into mischief deserted me, and Sallie Patterson and I suddenly stood in the center of a brilliant illumination.

There was a street lamp of double-extra power before the door of Miss Garland's seminary, and the wretched lamp-lighter had just turned it on full head and touched it with his flambeau; and at this identical moment Marcia—my Marcia—who had come in at some side entrance, and being told of my presence, hastened to meet me, entered at the back parlor door, followed by the august Miss Garland, who bore in her own hands a favorite student's lamp. Sallie Patterson shrieked and fled. I groaned.

Marcia dropped upon the floor a dozen little parcels wrapped in tissue paper and threw herself upon a sofa, where she hid her face in her hands; and poor Miss Garland, after standing for a moment in the middle of the room like a statue of some female Diogenes in search of an honest man, carried the lamp to the center-table and put it down, saying, in a bewildered fashion and with closed eyes and head moving slowly from side to side: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh dear!" Then she passed out of the room, shutting the door behind her and leaving us together.

"Oh, Marcia!" said I, going down upon my knees as soon as we were alone. "Oh, Marcia!"

"Don't speak to me!" said Marcia.

"But I want to explain," said I.

"I don't want any explanations," responded Marcia. "I never, never, never wish you to speak to me again; and if you do not go at once I shall ring and ask the maid to show you to the door!"

"Marcia—" I moaned.

"Kindly address me as Miss Morse," said Marcia, "and don't force me to call upon Miss Garland to protect me."

Nothing could move her. I was obliged to go away at last, and the next morning I was summoned me to an interview with Miss Garland.

She gave me my letters, my ring, and a message from Marcia to the effect that "Love could not survive esteem," and informed me that Miss Sallie Patterson's parents had been requested to recall her to her home in Texas. And I went away, intending to shoot myself. It is self-evident that I did not do so, but I was most unhappy.

I must have been very romantic, for I never harbored the idea that there were as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught, but felt myself robbed of love forever, and, after sundry vain attempts to make my peace, I joined a party of friends who were about to make the tour of Europe, and was absent from America three years. In all that time I never forgot Marcia, or ceased to think myself the most wretched young man alive.

This, however, did not prevent me from "doing" Europe carefully, coming at last to Vesuvius, which we had left for a *bonne bouche*.

A large party made the ascent on the day we sought the spot. We took horses at Resina and rode as far as we could, leaving them at last at a lava bed that looked like the moon as seen through a telescope.

There were our men, an English party of eight—four wives and four husbands, and an American party of twenty, from one hotel. All the ladies wore veils, as well as some of the men. A crowd of guides and boys were mixed among us.

It was hard climbing up the cone, and when at last we reached the crater we were all glad to sink down and rest awhile.

I found my place directly behind two ladies, who sat very near the crater, and it occurred to me then, as it has many a time since, that women are very apt to take great trouble and fatigue themselves very much in order to reach some celebrated spot, where they sit down at once to discuss some personal matter that might as well have been talked over in their own parlors. The lady nearest me was doing this.

"General Stamper is ages older than I am," she said, "but so distinguished and handsome! I was really proud of him on our wedding day. And I'm to send all our furniture down from New York when we get back, from the finest upholsterers. This is our wedding-trip. I was so surprised to see you at the hotel."

"I am glad you are happy," said the other lady, gently, and a little sadly.

"But aren't you?" cried the first. "Oh, dear! Who was that handsome man with you at the hotel?"

"My step-father," replied the second lady, "Count V——."

"And didn't you ever make up with your admirer?" went on the questioner. "Why, don't say that. Did you think he was making love to me real for true? Now, you needn't try to get up. I will talk. He never, never, never had ten words to say to me before that! I don't care what you think of me; I'll tell the truth. I loved to flirt, and I just wanted to have fun. I led him on to try to kiss me. I didn't think he'd dare. Why, he never cared that for me! You've been dreadful to him, I say. Now, listen—"

The other woman was struggling to rise, while the speaker held her by the skirts, and at that moment slipped in the soft earth and fell forward toward the crater.

Her companion gave a shriek. I caught her just in time. Bewildered, terrified, she allowed me to lead her to a safe place, while her friend was seized upon by an old gentleman with white mustache, and dragged away.

The green veil was over the face that rested in a moment of faintness on my shoulder; but I had no doubt whose was that my arm encircled, and I whispered in her ear:

"Oh, Marcia! oh, my darling! I never for a moment loved any one but you—forgive me! I have been so very wretched. Forgive me, and let all be as it used——"

Did she? Oh, yes!

We were married there in Italy. The count and countess thought our reconciliation "charming," and our estrangement soon seemed to both of us like a bad dream; but when that girl said "chapped lips" it all came back to me in a rush. Bless you, it all happened years ago. That court-plaster I was buying was for our little Ferdy, who managed to cut his finger with his first jack-knife while making a toy boat for Sallie to send her doll out sailing in.

My wife and Mrs. General Stamper are the best of friends. We named the girl for her.

A Literary Grave-Digger.

In a remote part of down-town New York, where one would be more apt to look for dealers in old clothes than for a literary critic, lives a man who unconsciously is the grave-digger of many an author's hopes and ambitions. He is the "reader" for one of the largest publishing houses, and often has the manuscripts of several houses on his desk. His literary judgment is marvelously good, and the opinions of few "readers" are more relied upon. His decision is invariably the law with the publisher. To his favorable report is due many of the most famous books of the day, as the literary shelves of his room testify. No other man in America could tell more literary secrets than he, but to all entreaties for a talk he is dumb. Occasionally, however, he emits a few thoughts when in an especially talkative mood. In such a frame of mind he was found the other evening. "My life is becoming burdensome," was his opening remark. When asked the cause he replied: "Because of this thirst for passionate writing which has entered our literature since the success of that Rives girl. Why, it seems as if all the feeble-minded young women in the country have got possessed with the idea that if they can once publish a truly 'fleshy' novel their fortunes are made. As a result scores of ill-spelled, execrably written stories are thrust upon me, and there is no stopping it. For the most part the deluded women who write them try to be very gross with a little dainty wickedness to enliven it all; the effect is dreadful. I am sure that if the reading public suspected the service I do them by reading and crushing these literary atrocities, I would be canonized. Another sort of cheerful idiot from whom I am suffering is the woman who composes epics and poems of passion, which she wants published in book form. I have frequently had the same MS. submitted to me three times. The title being changed each time, a new examination of the book is assured, but I never forget that sort of a MS.; it is all too horrible—would to heaven that I could." In reply to the question, "How large a proportion of the MS. examined is accepted?" this well-informed man replied, "Seldom more than two per cent.—often only one per cent." Here is encouragement indeed for the ambitious young author!

"Whom the gods love, die young." And the more one sees of the survivors, the more one appreciates the taste of the gods.

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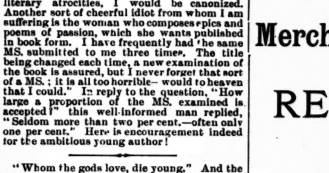

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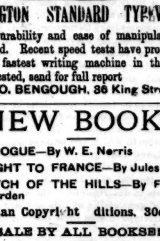

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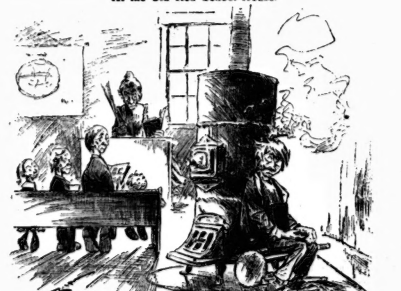

Teacher (sharply)—Who's that toasting apples?—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Following a Good Example.

The rage for aping everything English which has for some years prevailed in American society has been unsparingly denounced and ridiculed. "Anglomania" has become a term of reproach with the American press which has vainly tried to write down the movement. Omnipotent in almost all other directions the pen is well-nigh powerless in dealing with the caprices of fashion, and Anglicizing tendencies have run their course in spite of sneers and laughter and patriotic exhortations. Is it not possible that the censure has been a good deal too indiscriminate? To condemn a fashion merely because it is English is just as foolish as to adopt it for no better reason. Anglomania has not been altogether an unmixed evil. Some costumes and observances not adapted to this continent may have been imported, but they do little harm after all, and on the other hand the physical results of the movement have been distinctly beneficial. Thousands of languid and pale American belles, who never thought of walking where they could possibly ride and would take a street-car to go a few hundred yards, now take daily pedestrian exercise. Walking is "so English, you know," and that is quite enough to bring walking for health and pleasure into fashion.

The same holds true as regards many outdoor sports and amusements which the Anglomaniac movement has brought into popularity. American society is all the better and healthier for thus imitating the English in the important matter of physical culture, formerly too much neglected; and the erstwhile delicate and nervous American young lady bids fair to become as robust and red cheeked as her British exemplar. Pedestrian exercise might well be cultivated by both sexes in Canada to a far greater extent than it is. The ability to walk long distances is almost universal in England, but how few Canadians there are, comparatively speaking, who would not regard a tramp of a dozen or fifteen miles as an impossible achievement.

Husband-Hunting Girls.

It would be laughable were it not rather pitiful, to note the tactics and devices of lovelorn damsels, often prompted and seconded by manœuvring matrons, to entrap those whom they regard as eligible partners for life into matrimony. Nearly every man in society who is young, fairly well-to-do and not absolutely repulsive in appearance, has been at some time or other the object of more or less overt designs of this sort. The husband-hunting girl regards every society event as an occasion for practicing her arts and wiles upon mankind—we were about to write "unsuspecting" mankind, but that would hardly be correct, for as the text has it, "surely in vain is the net set in the sight of any bird"—and it requires very rare tact and management to conduct a "still hunt" of this description. As a rule only the most verdant and unsophisticated are caught unawares. It is a standing cause of wonder how respectably brought up girls can bring themselves to be guilty of the unwomanly indelicacy of throwing themselves at the heads of men and laying traps for their admiration. If girls who are thus forward in displaying their anxiety to be mated knew a little more of the world they would at least "assume a virtue if they have it not." The chances are that they are defeating the very object they have in view of obtaining a desirable settlement in life. While they are throwing out their snares to entrap some conceited, empty-headed coxcomb whose vanity it may be is tickled by their advances, they are repelling men of intelligence and worth who might otherwise have sought them. Even if the object of their pursuit is eventually brought to the altar, in all probability he will turn out not to have been worth the catching. But in the majority of cases the man who appears to listen favorably to the allurements of the husband-hunting girl is only amusing himself, and will in the end escape her. She will be lucky if, in addition to disappointing her hopes, he does not make her too obvious attentions a theme for ridicule and boasting among his male associates.

Why Don't They Come to Canada?

Considering how much has lately been said from almost every possible standpoint on the pros and cons of the immigration question it seems a little surprising that the advantages of Canada as a residence for people of small fixed incomes have never been fairly presented. In the old country there is a very large class of people in receipt of pensions, annuities or dividends from investments, whose lives are a constant and wearing struggle to keep up appearances and make ends meet. They are committed by family traditions or old associations to a social position for which their slender means are inadequate. They belong it may be to a circle in which the scale of expenditure is lavish, and they must keep up year after year the attempt to vie with those of longer purses or run the risk of losing caste. Modern fiction abounds in descriptions of the straits to which reduced gentlefolks of this sort are put in the vain attempt to hold their position in a society where—

Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys,

and the *nouveaux riches* show but little consideration for culture and intelligence if unaccompanied by a good bank account. By taking up their abode in Canada many a family now struggling on the ragged edge of shabby gentility in England would free themselves at one bound from a false position, and find themselves immensely bettered, socially and pecuniarly, by the change. Wealth and poverty are comparative; and an amount which is genteel starvation to the resident of the West End of London, obliged by the exigencies of his position to keep up a style corresponding to the social ideals of the locality, would mean a comfortable independence in a Canadian city. Moreover, instead of being snubbed and despised or at best merely tolerated by their circle of acquaintances, the ranks of class of immigrants would be welcome additions to society here. By all means the attention of the large number of middle-class English people, whose position grows continually more intolerable as the expense of living increases, should be directed to Canada as a place of residence where they can enjoy many social and intellectual advantages without the disabilities attendant on limited means in Britain.

MUSIC

A move which is decidedly in the right direction, though it hardly goes far enough, has been made by the promoters of the College of Organists, inasmuch as they now suggest that the "executive be empowered to constitute Fellows, all musicians on the list who can furnish satisfactory proof of their ability to publicly perform a representative programme of organ music which shall include two or more works of the legitimate organ school, of at least the difficulty of the 2nd Sonata, Mendelssohn, and the G minor fugue (the lesser), Bach. Evidence must be given of a finished and musical performance," and so on, with more or less earnestness in the same direction. In effect, calling upon the Executive to form the college from the list of names published in the original circular, yet allowing the same body considerable latitude. So much for the C. O. O. Canada.

*

The week has been uneventful musically, nothing of importance having occurred, and there seems to be a girding of loins and massing of forces for the future. The earliest candidate for popular favor is the People's Popular Concert on Tuesday, with Mrs. Caldwell, Miss McCormack, Miss Alexander, and Messrs. Warrington, Ramsay, and Clarke, as attractions, backed up by an orchestra. The Choral Society sings The Creation on April 4th, and is making its strongest effort to show this as its best concert. A chorus of one hundred and fifty, which Mr. Edward Fisher has been able to balance perfectly, will be one of the chief attractions. Mr. Chas. Slocombe of Buffalo, the tenor of the occasion, is backed by high recommendations, and the local contingent, Mrs. Shilton, Miss Bunton, and Messrs. Blight and Schuch, is too well-known to need special reference.

METRONOME.

When Is Love the Sweetest?

When is bliss completest?
Who can say?
When is love the sweetest?
Love is sweet alway.

In the morning early,
With a rosy lass,
When the dew lies pearly
From the waving grass,
Soft green grass which brushes
Close about our feet,
Pretty maid who blushes,
Love is very sweet.

When earth owns the glory
Of the noonstide sun,
Tell again the story,
Hearts are to be won.
Tell your love tale boldly
In the glow of noon;
Who could listen coldly
On a day in June?
Or, should bleak December
Chill us with his snows,
Love can find an ember—
Fan it till it glows.

Shy and stately maiden,
In a dusky grove,
Flowers, perfume laden,
Tons 'tis sweet to rove.
In her hand so slender,
See, she clasps a rose;
Now her mood is tender,
Who could help propose?
In the day's last hour,
Sunset's afterglow,
Love has double power,
Who could answer no?

See, the moon is sailing
Through the sky serene,
All the starlight paling
In her golden sheen,
Queen is she of beauty,
Features calm and proud,
Yet she knows her duty—
Veils it in a cloud.
Such a chance by lovers
Never should be missed,
While the shadow hovers,
Rosy lips are kissed.

Never mind the hour,
All times are the same;
Cupid has the power,
He will fan the flame;
For 'tis Love who brightens
Up this old earth,
Faces sad he lightens,
Changes grief to mirth.
When is bliss completest?
Who can say?
When is love the sweetest?
Love is sweet alway.

OWEN D.

It is the pursuit which gives all the zest to life. The toil, the energy, the perseverance, the endeavor that brings the joy both in it and after it—these strengthen the faculties, whet the desires, invigorate the whole nature, and make happiness possible. Without them we should sink into the hopeless misery of inertia. No failure, no adversity can be half so disastrous as the *ennui*, the discontent, and the vacuity of the idler.

DRAMA

On Monday night M. Coquelin appeared at the Grand Opera House, and I was present to see him appear, that being about all the advantage I expected to gain by being there. M. Coquelin is the greatest French comedian. Indeed he is without a rival. La Joie Fait Peur, which being translated means Sunshine Follows Rain—I gathered this from the book of the play, not from any knowledge of French I had previously acquired—was the first comedy. I regret to admit that I am not a French scholar nor indeed French in any particular, consequently the tear-drenched gloom of the first act was all the more oppressive, as it was impossible for me to tell what all the tears were about. A lady sat on a sofa near the front of the stage dressed in widow's weeds and gloom. She wept profusely. Another lady sat at the other end of the stage apparently writing, also shedding frequent tears and appearing inconsolable. A charming young lady known in the play as Blanche and otherwise as Mme. Kerwich, floated from one to the other endeavoring to assuage their tears and incidentally spilling a great many herself. A young man was also making desperate struggles to be gay in this depressing atmosphere, but everyone refused to be comforted. At last in despair he started for home, writing his hands evidently contemplating suicide, but he changed his mind and stayed to tea. At this point I made up my mind that Madame Desaubiers was a widow, not much of a discovery either as she was dressed that way, but as no Mons. Desaubiers appeared in sight, and as no reference was made to him, I presumed he had been dead for a considerable time, and the tears were wept for somebody else. Probably her only son had robbed a bank; had been killed in a duel or eloped with the hired girl; it was difficult to tell which. In scene II, an old gentleman entered, who was at once recognized as Coquelin. He has a magnificent face for comedy—large, strongly marked, resembling that of Trow, the Opposition whip in the House of Commons. Every shade from the broadest humor to that which is close to tears was reflected on that mobile face, and one scarcely needed words to understand it. The by-play between Coquelin and Mme. Kerwich was delightful. I laughed almost as heartily as if I had known what they were saying. It takes good acting to stand such a test. By the time we got to scene VIII, where a young man in the uniform of a naval officer enters, I began to understand that the household imagined that Adrien (M. J. Coquelin) had died at sea. Noal, the old servant, was petrified with astonishment, and then became wild with joy. From that time on Noal, Blanche and Adrien were endeavoring to break the news of his return to his mother without killing her with joy, and there are a number of laughable incidents, though the play reads stupidly enough. It was Coquelin's wonderful face, his inimitable drollery which made it an entertainment, for me at least, the most delightful I have had this season. Perhaps it would have been but little funnier had I understood the lines. I might not then have watched his face so closely. What one misses in such an artistic performance through ignorance of the language is the by-play, the merry asides and sharp retorts. The younger Coquelin, who played the part of Adrien, was smooth-faced and pretty as a young curate, but he almost entirely lacks the wonderful expressiveness of his brother. He is a good actor, graceful, and delivers his lines charmingly, but he lacks genius, feeling, the wonderful art which makes the uplifting of the great Coquelin's little finger as expressive as if he had spoken. Not since Ellen Terry have I been so pleased with an actress as with Mme. Kerwich. Her eyes are a book of the play. One can get ready for either laughter or tears by looking at her, through she is not much of a tear producer. When, in scene XXIII, Mme. Desaubiers (Mme. Patry), after having undergone a long experience preparatory to the breaking to her of the joyful news of her son's return, takes his head in her two hands and kisses him passionately, one can scarcely keep from joining in the delighted tears which she shed. It was a splendid scene. Indeed the whole comedy was almost faultless. The monologues, of course no one but those who thoroughly understood the language could follow, and therefore I cannot criticise. The first was about a shipwrecked boy, rescued from the water by a dog who pulled him on to an overturned boat. After six days the dog went mad, and the boy himself, in self-preservation had to kill him; and the next was *La Vie*, which I understand was a satirical summing up of Life. The second comedy, *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, was very funny. After the first comedy, I went out and bought a book of the play, and had time to read it before the performance began. If I had not, it would have been impossible to have understood any of it. A valet disporting himself in his master's finery introduces himself as one of the wits of Paris, and renders supremely ridiculous two young ladies who entertain him. He is joined later on by another impostor, and these fellows, the two Coquelins, say and do some remarkably odd things, but though I had the lines nothing interested me so much as Coquelin's wonderful face. The dresses were superb and the hundred and fifty or two hundred people who were in the house seemed pleased, though it must be confessed, a few of the very small company left for home at the end of the first comedy. Toronto has been a bad investment for Mr. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau, and I think it will be some time before they bring another French attraction to this city and it will be a very long time before Torontonians have another opportunity to see the great Coquelin and such an artistic company.

*

All the play-going world has seen Beacon Lights, and knows the story of how the young good-looking widow of Consumption Joe was cared for, wooed and won by the rough, bashful, but true-hearted miner, Phil Gordon; how the gold mine, after many perilous and thrilling adventures, was rescued from villains and restored to her little son, the rightful owner, and how the piquant, untamed, tomboy daughter of bluff, bibulous Col. Clay Calhoun, a Southern gentleman, after doing much good and saying many witty things, gave her heart to the keeping of the young commander at the fort, Capt. William Gray. The fact that the old play still draws well indicates that there is a strong vein of humanity running through it. No matter how careless the great public may be of the finer points of the drama, such as probability, characterization, unity, natural sequence and everything which constitutes its essence for more cultivated minds, still it demands a large measure of the emotions which give human interest, and without it a play cannot live long enough to get baldheaded as Beacon Lights has done.

*

The part of Julian Hadley, bugler at the fort, is taken by Miss Jennie Ward. This young lady is arrayed in regulation cavalry uniform, boots, breeches, *et al.* This is an instance, such as I mentioned in this column a few weeks ago, where from some unguessed motive a female is introduced into a play in male attire. Every time I have seen Beacon Lights this part was taken by a female. Perhaps it is the tradition of the play; but why it should be so is more mysterious than how the *Mail* got the evidence in the Jeffery trial, and is only explicable in the same way as the wearing of tights by the chorus girls in comic opera.

*

Little Gracie Emmet is the leading light in the company playing at the Toronto Opera House this week. Though her figure has lost the sylph-like slenderness of girlhood she carries the part of Carrie Calhoun very cleverly. My next neighbor, innocent of guile, evidently took her *bona-fide* for that which she was representing, for he said, "She'll be a corker when she grows, I tell you!"

*

Mr. Odell Williams as the Colonel was a good second and Mr. Frank Evans as Phil. Gordon did pretty fair work. The rest of the company gave good support and, on the whole, the patrons of this show got their money's worth.

*

Mr. Charles Roberts of New York, made his first appearance in Toronto in his dramatic recitals at Association Hall on Tuesday evening. The hall was comfortably filled by an audience somewhat tardy in arriving, yet appreciative enough when they heard the efforts of this finished elocutionist. Mr. Roberts is a tall, graceful young man, with an abundance of black hair, mustache, twinkling eyes and eye-brows capable of considerable elevation. He is somewhat of the stamp of Mark Twain, though his polished gestures suggest the suave Frenchman quite often. He is cool and deliberate—very deliberate—in his actions on the platform, and is possessed of a showy anxiety to please which detracts from the best of entertainers. Mr. Roberts need not beg for recognition; he forces admiration from all who can appreciate his full, deep voice, which is trained to many modulations and capable of sympathetically expressing various phases of human emotion, especially grotesque and tender ones. Delicate humor appears to be his forte. Among his best pieces were King John and the Abbot of Canterbury, The Hat and On the Rappahannock. He also rendered some side-splitting imitations and received several recalls. Como, by Joaquin Miller, was probably his most artistic effort. It was a wonderful picturing of man's passion and entitles Mr. Roberts to rank among actors of a high class.

*

In addition to Mr. Roberts' splendid talents the audience were favored with the efforts of Mlle. Adele Strauss, whose rendering of several operatic songs was greatly admired; and Mme. Asher-Lucas, of London, Eng., contributed several selections in which her brilliant accomplishments as a pianiste were demonstrated. Mr. A. S. Vogt acted as accompanist.

*

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, Mr. C. E. Bolton will deliver in Association Hall two of his celebrated lectures, describing the various foreign countries through which he has traveled. Mr. Bolton's lectures are illustrated by large stereopticon views and have been favorably mentioned by the press wherever he has appeared

*

MONDAY EVENINGS AT THE GRAND.

I like to take the playhouse in,
Especially when Monday eves come,
To go, I'm sure, is not a sin,
Although the posters do deceive some;
I like to look around and see
The faces years have made familiar—
The boys who scribble fast and free,
The maids demure as Ste. Cecilia.

There's O. B. Sheppard in a box,
And Schuch, bald pated, fat and happy,
Whose joyous laughter trouble mocks—
A D—sharp literary chappie;
There's Charley Ryan of the *World*,
His glasses grace a visage cheery,
And Harrington whom fate has swirled
To cynic's gloom and fancies weary.

There's Johnny Garvin of the *News*,
As honest as his face is youthful,
And Kribbs, the *Empire's* critic, whose
Critiques are always apt and truthful;
And "Greta"—faith, I'm mighty sure
No man could wish to Greta fairer,
Her *penchant* is a pen chaste pure,
And what than this could one find rarer.

And Dedrickson, a Claude Melnotte
By nature and by art an actor,
His fierce mustaches haven't got
The grace to be in art a factor;
Jack Robinson, the *Telegram's*
Young man, with caustic smile and bitter,
Glares at the maid his pleasure damns
With silly, never-ending titter.

And so, as I remarked before,
I like to see them sitting near me,
Or standing up beside the door—
Their well-known faces seem to cheer me;
And while upon life's shore I stand,
And watch its waves break crisp and snappy,
These Monday evenings at the Grand
Are good enough to make me happy.

SNIPP.

Joe.

For Saturday Night.

Mad? Oh, yes, Blind Joe is mad,
But does no harm,
Gentle? that he is, poor lad—
That's his charm,
So always? No. Joe was born
With eyes as blue
And clear as sky on summer morn,
And sane as you.
Tell how it happened? Well you see
Three years ago,
Or maybe more; seems short to me
How time does flow—
When Joe was but a child, poor chap,
He's but one still,
His dad was killed in that mishap
At Dunstan's mill,
Leaving his wife—a good wife too,
Without a cent,
And Joe, like a brave lad, and true,
At hard work went
To keep his mother. She was old,
And could'nt work,
So Joe—a plucky kid—laid hold
And didn't shirk.
He got a job from Dandy Brown,
Who ran a show
At Boulders, that's the little town
You see below.
Theater? No, a barn or such,
A country gaff,
Ten cents a time—not much
For a good laugh.
Well, Joe was put to play an imp,
And played it slick;
I've laughed at him, the little shrimp,
Till I was sick.
Old Dandy owned another kid,
Who played with Joe,
As fairy. Pretty? Yes, I never did
A prettier know.
Joe and Nell—light—her name was Nell,
Were little lovers.
Why not? A child, like us, as well,
True love discovers.
One night—'twas Saturday I think,
When Dandy Brown
Was careless, he'd been having drink
Down yon in town,
The show took fire, and like a flash
Was in a blaze,
And everybody made a dash,
By different ways.
All saved? We thought so, just at first,
But one was there—
'Twas Nell. The fire was at its worst,
And none would dare
To face it, but little Joe. That lad,
That brave boy Joe,
Dashed in. When others feared he had
The pluck to go.
He brought her out, how, no one knew,
Hero's deed, you said?
Yes, but useless, there's more to rue,
Poor Nell was dead;
And Joe, God help the stricken lad,
Had lost his sight,
And hearing Nell was gone, went mad
That woeful night.
A child's story—that's all—good day,
I s'pose you'll tell
Your friends, well don't forget to say
How Joe loved Nell.

TOMMY GREEN.

To Adelaide.

For Saturday Night.

I watch the winter rain
Pour down upon my window pane,
It harmonizes with my troubled heart.
Sweet Adelaide hath played
The mischief, I'm afraid,
With that most susceptible and tender part.

I see the sun in spring
Its golden glories bring,
To deck my study walls with bars of light.
But my heart doth ache and ache
For Adelaide's sweet sake—
And I long for the forgetfulness of night.

And Adelaide is gay—
Nay, I might almost say,
Doth smile at my most pitiable state.
Ah! cruel, cruel one,
What mischief have you done!
Relent and save me, ere it be too late.

I am so wretched now,
Have pity or I vow
I soon, alas, must so and perpetrate
Suicide and fade away
In the dark depths of the bay. [Sale.
Then, perhaps, you'll grieve over my untimely

Sweet Adelaide, prevent
This calamitous event!
Smile on me and I'll be happy from this time.
I will surfeit you with gum
And ice cream when summer's come,
And swear off writing melancholy rhyme.

G. W. M.

"Tempora Mutantur."

When you were five and I was seven,
We loved each other dearly;
We kissed—it was a childish heaven
To play at lovers merely!
Full fifteen years and more had sped
(How fast the twelvemonths canter!)
No longer we at lovers *played*,
Ah, "*tempora mutantur!*"

And you were fairer than the flowers
That loved to grow around you,
A thing to gaze upon for hours—
To dream about, I found you;
But when I begged for childhood's kiss
You laughed in playful banter,
As though it were conclusion, this:
Ah, "*tempora mutantur!*"

The times are changed, yes, Phyllis, very:
My beard and hair are grizzled;
'Tis sad to wait for Charon's ferry,
And think how life has "darled."
The times do change, and so do we,
But I still love you, Phyllis;
And times may change with you and me,
So love don't change "in this."

Only a Preliminary.

Mrs. Bridge (continuing conversation)—And, do you know, I've had the hardest time to find the frilling I spoke to you about? The shopman took down fifty or sixty boxes, went to the wholesale department for samples, sent a messenger round to other shops, and finally, after he had called in one of the partners, we found just the thing.

Mrs. Morris (in an agony of interest)—How much of it did you get?

Mrs. Bridge—Oh, I was only getting the price to-day. I said I'd call again to-morrow.

Noted People.

Count Herbert Bismarck talks of making a tour in America by way of a summer vacation.

It is announced that the Governor of the State of New York is to lead to the altar the the daughter of United States Consul at Ottawa.

"Susan Coolidge," by which name one of the most charming of the writers of children's literature is known, is Miss Woolsey, of Boston.

The Sultan has a fad for electric-driven vehicles. He has an electric carriage and an electric tandem, and he is now having an electric-driven boat, with a swan's nest prow, built at Richmond.

Josef Hofmann, the musical prodigy, is studying in Berlin. He is in fine health and has grown very tall since he left this country. He has composed half a dozen new pieces and will appear again in the fall.

Mr. Ward McAllister has admitted that there is a strong probability that Mrs. Grover Cleveland will be admitted to the exclusive four hundred of New York society. The ex-president and his wife are now living at the Victoria Hotel.

Charles B. Lewis (M. Quad) of the Detroit *Free Press* is now writing up the cities and characteristic features of some of the Southern States, for the purpose of giving information through the English edition of the *Free Press* to its readers across the water.

A San Antonio banker has presented President Harrison with a chair made of the horns of Texas cattle, which cost $1,500. The horns are rivetted with gold, and from one of the gold plates used in its construction glistens a very handsome diamond.

The late Miss Mary L. Booth, who was editor of *Harper's Bazaar* since its inception twenty-one years ago, was in receipt of an annual salary of $6,000. She was against the extension of the franchise to women, thinking that they could accomplish much by working for temperance, going into the higher kinds of occupation, extending the fields of employment, and that it would be better for them in the long run to let politics alone.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has taken a house in Brooklyn, and will begin housekeeping in it in May. It is but a block from the house in which Mr. Beecher died. Although Mrs. Beecher greatly opposed the choice of Mr. Abbott as pastor of Plymouth Church, she occupies her old pew there every Sunday when in the city, and is as active in church work as when her husband was living. Mrs. Beecher is in her 75th year, but is hale and strong, and as full of energy as in other years.

The Duke of Manchester is a thoroughly good "old boy," bright, genial, hospitable and business-like. For ten years or so he has sought solace for domestic worries in breeding pedigree stock and buying and supervising his immense sheep farms in New Zealand. The Duchess, sister of the Empress of Austria, is an inveterate card player, a bohemienne of the first water. The Duke has always been a domestic man, hence his virtual self-expatriation from a home that has long been unhomely. In the event of his death it will be a surprise if the Duchess did not soon become the wife of a very prominent and universally esteemed political leader of high rank. Lady Mandeville has a distinguished *attache* as *solatium* for her lord's neglect.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, the author of Mr. Barnes of New York and Mr. Potter of Texas, is described as being a medium-sized, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed and well-dressed man. A heavy, dark mustache droops over a well-formed mouth, and there is a stocky jauntiness in all his movements. A glossy silk tile rests on a good, white, broad, forehead, and an air of general content with the world has eradicated any traces of wrinkles from the face of a man who must have passed his fourth decade. He makes more money out of his works than any writer in the United States. His books didn't please the critics, but they pleased the people. He is now at work on a new novel called That Frenchman. Gunter used to dig for gold in California. He finds the pen mightier than the pick.

If the following is true of the heirs to the Austrian throne, it is evidently a mistake to consider the death of Prince Rudolph as being a good thing for Germany, for however much he disliked Emperor William, he was a firm believer in the German Alliance. "The new heir, Archduke Charles Louis, is the most stupid and bigoted of all those idiot Archdukes who were so execrated in 1866 by Count Beust. He infinitely prefers Russia to Prussia, and regards the Lutheran Hohenzollerns with horror and aversion. His eldest son, Francis, who is even more stupid and bigoted than his sire, besides possessing other very undesirable qualities, is devoted to Russia, and is wholly in the hands of the Jesuits. It is the same with the next brother, Otto, who resembles his brother, except that he is more rowdy. These two hopeful members of the House of Hapsburg (they are also, by the way, grandsons of Bomba of Naples), were banished from the Court last year, the former for stopping a village funeral, which he met when out riding, in order that he might jump his horse to and fro across the coffin; and the latter for his bad treatment of his wife (Princess Marie of Saxony), one item being, that when she was ill in bed he introduced a number of drunken officers, who had been dining with him, into her room at midnight in order to surprise her."

A recent cable dispatch to a New York daily contains some curious information about Madame Patti. The world knew of her companionship with the tenor, Nicolini, and that during its continuance there were in existence a Mme. Nicolini and several little Nicolinis. Gossip had it that these deserted ones, owing to the generosity of the charming Adelina, did not suffer. Recently a divorce, with a financial compact as its basis, was secured, and then the recognized queen of song was legally bound to Nicolini. That this proceeding did not cause any rupture in this dual family arrangement was demonstrated by the fact that Nicolini's two sons, who are Lieutenants in the French Army, continued to make visits to Patti in her castle in Wales. Now comes the latest news in this strange narrative. On January 29, in Paris, the first Mme. Nicolini died. On March 1 the second Mme. Nicolini—or Patti, as she will ever be most acceptably called—made a brief stay in Paris while on her way to board, at Bordeaux, on March 5, the steamship which carried her to South America, where she sings under the management of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. While in the French capital Patti formally adopted as her own child, the only daughter of her husband by his divorced and dead wife. This girl, who is about 15 years of age, is said to be possessed of rare beauty. She is now installed in the diva's castle in Wales.

Art and Artists.

We give this week a sketch of a famous English sculptor, Mr. Boehm. His studio is in the Fulham road, London, and in it are to be found the original sketches from which were modelled busts and statues of many famous men and women, besides designs for all kinds of statuary and hundreds of casts of hands, feet, legs, arms and faces. Mr. Boehm has been engaged on a statue of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. He has had only photographs to work from, but as the late Emperor often visited his studio, he knew his face and features well. The Emperor, in the statue, will wear the robes of the Garter. Mr. Boehm is tall and slender in figure, with clear blue eyes. His face in conversation lights up with an exceedingly pleasant smile and his manner is very courteous.

MR. BOEHM.

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Bray (meeting De Pallette at Ottawa)—How is the exhibition this year, De Pallette?

De Pallette (abstractedly)—Oh, it's pretty Rocky!

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In my mention of the election of officers in the Art Students' League last week, I made the mistake of inserting the name of Mr. Manley, instead of Mr. S. Jones, as one of the three men who were to fill the offices of corresponding secretary, recording secretary and treasurer. Messrs. Manley, Dawson and Jephcott were elected chairmen of the school, library and house committees respectively.

•

It is somewhat amusing to read in the papers that an association has been formed from the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, the Ontario Society of Artists, and the Toronto Art School, for the purpose of erecting an art gallery in this city. The fun does not lie in the forming of an association to erect an art gallery—any effort in that direction is not to be laughed at—but it is in the fact that having so many societies with such imposing names it should be necessary to form another one for this purpose that the funny part comes in. The old saying says that "Too many cooks spoil the broth." Let us hope it may be falsified in this case. Toronto, I think, can now boast of more art societies and less art than any other place in the world, and still I hear rumors of the formation of another society. This condition of affairs indicates a lack in these societies of something necessary for the advancement of art interests.

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A short time ago the Royal Canadian Academy of Letters was discussed in SATURDAY NIGHT. The writer showed that this institution was comparatively useless, and though it was receiving an annual grant of $5,000 from the Government it could not be shown that the public received from the Academy any benefits commensurate with the expense of supporting it. Is not the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts in much the same condition as its sister institution? It occupies the anomalous position of an academy that does not teach. I understand it receives an annual grant of $2,000 from the Government. How, then, is this money expended, and what does the tax-payer get for his outlay. In other countries the national academy has its headquarters in a certain place—in Paris, in London, in Edinburgh, in New York. In those places schools are conducted in connection with the Academies, and to these the sons of the farmer, the merchant and the tradesman can go to study art. If the Royal Canadian Academy has no school and does nothing for the public, then the Government grant must be looked upon as a mere charitable donation to its members.

•

The Government should see that the money granted to the Academy opens up avenues whereby the people can approach the national fountain head of art and drink of it if they choose. If the present grant is not large enough to enable the Academy to do this, it should be increased. The Royal Academy should select headquarters and concentrate its forces there. If we are going to have an association which embraces the leading artists from Halifax to Vancouver, the most central and most suitable location for its headquarters is in Toronto, and when I consider that we have now an Academy, established by royal favor, I submit that it would look more like business if this body undertook the erection of a gallery here, instead of this projected coalition. VAN.

The Old Home.

It is astonishing how many people there are who have two homes. "Yes, and it is also astonishing," I fancy I can hear you exclaim, "how many people there are that, instead of having two homes, have none at all."

Very true, and may God help them; but it is not of them I want to write now; but of those who, as I have said, have two homes, the home they live in, and the old home they left when they started out in life, or emigrated to some distant place, in search of a competency. If you only stop now and think a little you will see what I mean, and will understand how many there are who have two homes. Indeed, I should not be surprised, my reader, to hear you declare yourself in that class. And if so, let me ask you, does not the "old home," back yonder, the one you left before you came where you now are, still have its claims on your affections? Not only the home with its immediate surroundings and associations, but the whole country side, with its scores of friends and associates of other days. The old church on the hill, the little red school-house in the hollow, the old mill by the stream, together with many a loved and well remembered spot, will all long live green and fresh in your memory.

In memory's hall's a picture hangs,
A landscape fair to view,
Of grand old hills and valleys rich,
And skies of summer blue.

On either side the country road
Lie fields of rustling corn,
Whose broad, green blades
Are sparkling wet with dew of early morn.

There are also fields of waving grain,
Just turning to hue of burnished gold,
And back of these the forest trees
Loom up like sentinels of old.

The farm house stands on the hill,
The barn in the hollow below,
Where the little brook glides merrily on,
As it did in the long ago.

Yes, there the picture hangs, and neither time nor the dust of years can dim its brightness nor efface its loveliness. We may be unable, in person, to visit the old home, except at rare intervals, but so often as we like we can, with memory's aid, tread once again our native heath and feast our eyes on all its dear, familiar scenes. And one of the connecting links that still binds us to the old home, and that helps not a little to keep alive our affection for and interest in the friends and scenes of other days, is the home paper. It may be a small and unpretentious sheet; a "patent outside," and edited by a poor, overworked editor who takes his pay for subscriptions in anything from cordwood to cabbages, but it comes to us with "news from home;" and for that reason do we welcome it to our hearts and firesides.

The big city daily, the editors of which love to poke fun at their country brethren, and who are such great and mysterious personages that common folk may rarely get a peep at them, gives us the news of the great, busy world, but it seldom brings us a word from home. It chronicles the movements and the doings of the high and mighty, about whom we care but little, after all, but it takes no notice of us and our humble friends way back yonder in the old settlement.

I once saw the managing editor of a big Chicago daily, down on his knees in the exchange editor's room and pawing over a pile of exchanges. He was looking for his "home paper," a little five-column quarto, patent outside, and published in a little village in Ohio. When he found it, he folded it up carefully, put it into his pocket and gave orders, very positive ones, too, that that particular paper should be regularly saved for him.

What did he want with it? Why, to take home and read. Its coming into his house was almost like a visit from an old friend. In its columns he found "news from home" and about people in whom he was warmly interested.

Now that I seem to have drifted into the subject of home papers, I may as well confess that they are the real point I have been driving at all the time. Permit me, then, to continue.

I have before me a copy of my own home paper. I turn to its local side—the other is furnished by a "ready print" in Chicago, and I am not interested in that, even conceding it to be the best part of the paper. Under the heading, "Home Happenings," I find the following:

"Andy Sheffien has put a new roof on his store and laid in a big stock of boots and shoes for the winter trade. Andy is a hustler, and knows the value of printer's ink. See his locals in this week's issue."

What, doesn't interest you? Yes, I know; but, as Luther Benson says, "let me tell yuh." Years ago, when I was down in that country, I was a young fellow then, and so was Andy. Well, we both fell in love with the same girl. Andy got the girl, and I got left. Andy was a storekeeper, and could wear a white shirt all the time, and I was a farm hand, working for eighteen dollars a month. But, bless you, I soon got over my disappointment in that little love affair. And I know the girl has never ceased to congratulate herself that she took Andy instead of me. But you can understand how that little item would bring up old times and start me off on a tour of pleasant retrospection, from which I am suddenly brought back by my little boy asking me, "Please, papa, help me do my numbers."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Author of John Ward, Preacher.

Margaret Deland.

This engraving is an excellent picture of the author of the American Robert Elsmere, which has been read so extensively along with its English contemporary. Mrs. Deland is about forty years old. She has a beautiful home in Boston, and is assisted in her literary work by the criticisms of her husband. She writes very carefully, and conscientiously endeavors to make her literary productions as highly finished as possible.

The Downward Path.

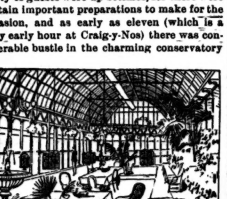
Judge Patrick G. Duffy, the well-known police magistrate, has been making some philosophical and moral observations on the descent of woman—meaning, of course, woman as she reveals herself in the Police Court. "Do you know," he said, "what is the principal thing that brings women into this court? It is love of dress. There are men with money constantly on the lookout for such women," continued the Judge, "and the result is the oft-told tale. For a time the woman has fine clothes, diamonds, and wine suppers. It is very fine, but it doesn't last. From wine the woman drops to whisky; from whisky to beer—but what is the use of going any further? The rest can be imagined."

A Good Spot.

Some funny things happen in Mardi Gras crowds. "Gracious, me! Susan! A man is hugging me!" shouted a woman to a lady friend from whom she had been crowded on Canal street. "Do you hear that, Mehetable?" said a tall, gaunt woman, who was chewing gum, to her tall, gaunt friend, who was also chewing gum. "That is the spot for us!" And they started for the spot where the woman had been hugged.

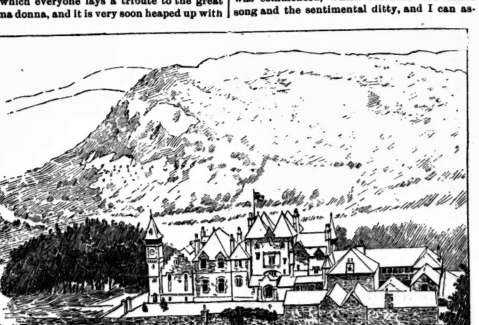
Patti's Birthday at Craig-y-Nos.

An English writer gives the following description of how the great diva's birthday was celebrated at her own castle: You have often read how ordinary kings and queens—who are born to the purple—celebrate their birthdays. May I give you a little description of the jubilations at the Castle of Craig-y-Nos the other day, when another sort of Queen—the Queen of Song—celebrated her birthday at her picturesque home in the Swansea Valley? The event was the more notable as this was the first time that Patti has been at Home, Sweet Home, on February 19, since the castle came into her possession. Visitors at Craig-y-Nos go as they please till *dejeuner*, which takes place at 12 o'clock; but on the 19th the large party of guests were up betimes, for there were certain important preparations to make for the occasion, and as early as eleven (which is a very early hour at Craig-y-Nos) there was considerable bustle in the charming conservatory



THE CONSERVATORY.

in which you always breakfast and often dine. Imagine a long and lofty house of glass, commanding a lovely view of hill and dale, with terraces sloping down to the babbling Tawe, and facing you a miniature mountain, now crowned with soft white mists. That is your view without. Within you can readily fancy yourself in some tropic land, for the air is warm, cooled by the fountains which are plashing gently at each end. The green fronds of the graceful palms and trailing ferns afford a grateful relief to the eye. The birds are singing, the parrots are chattering—it is really a charming retreat. A table is placed by the window, on which everyone lays a tribute to the great prima donna, and it is very soon heaped up with



THE CASTLE OF CRAIG-Y-NOS.

the pretty gifts—lovely fans, jewelled and clocked bracelets, albums, and many a pretty knicknack which I will not enumerate. I make two exceptions, namely, a very artistic pair of bronze figures, which were placed on either side of the table, one representing an admirably modelled figure of a sailor on a raft in a storm-tossed ocean. With one hand he is clinging to a stump of a mast which he has managed to rig up, and with the other he is waving a tag of a flag. That is Distress. But Succor (the other figure) is coming in the shape of a grizzled old sailor, who is manning the lifeboat, he, too, waving a signal with one hand, and clinging to a grapnel with the other. "Presented to Mdme. Adelina Patti, February 19, 1889. From her devoted household." There was something very graceful and touching in the choice of this gift, for it symbolized Mdme. Patti's warm and charitable heart, and the many kind things she had done for the poor. But hush! there is a stir among the score of maidservants who are clustered at the top of the steps which lead down from the dining-room into the winter garden. "Madame is coming," and in a second our hostess, looking most charming, walked slowly and curiously down among us. This was the sign for the great gun which is on the terrace. Boom—boom—boom—twenty-one times, I think, but I really lost count in watching the pretty scene that followed. Mr. Nicolini salutes his wife, and we all wish her many happy returns of the day. Then Mr. Ganz, who is at the piano, strikes up God Save the Queen—special version, written for the occasion by Mr. Percy Harrison. Here is the first verse, as it was sung by Mrs. Ganz and Miss Ganz:

God save our Queen of Song,
May she continue long
To charm our ears,
Ever victorious!
With voice most glorious,
May she reign over us
For many years!

And Mdme. Patti's lovely voice filled the conservatory without any very special effort. When the cannon on the terrace had done we had our little *feu de joie*. The ammunition was placed on a plate, being in the form of those little explosives which children love to throw on the floor when they want to startle you. But I can tell you the fire was very hot, very hot indeed. Madame first laughed, and then cried, and then laughed again, then went into ecstasies as she thanked her friends. "But what is that?" she cried. "A fishing rod" (a beauty it was, too), said Mr. Heck, the intendant, "a fishing rod for Mr. Nicolini." Mr. Nicolini's birthday is next week. Then Mr. Heck made a little speech, and Madame and Mr. Nicolini returned thanks, and we sat down to *déjeuner*.

Later on, four or five carriages drove us out along the valley road, and very pretty was it to see the enthusiasm of the population which is scattered in patches along the bleak country side, come out in the rain to pay homage to the famous woman who has settled among them. At our destination, an old-fashioned country inn where we stopped for a cup of afternoon tea, a pretty Welsh girl stepped out and presented her with a pretty little basket of flowers. Then the horses were put to again, and we drove back to the castle. Then the curtain rises on the regal banquet upon which M. Chose, the castle *chef*, has lavished all his cunning, and stolen a good many hours from his slumbers. Picture the world-famed hostess, flashing with diamonds on hair and bosom, attired (I was informed in a whisper by Miss Beatty-Kingston, or was it Mrs. Kingston—that for the particular benefit of our lady readers) in "pale blue crepe du Chine, trimmed with real turquoises." Upon this matter I am not able to give an opinion. The whole was a vision of beauty not to be analyzed by me. Before each guest was a pretty menu, alike in size and contents, but differing in design. On one was portrayed the doom of Desdemona, with Othello standing over her, dagger in hand. On another was Romeo singing to Juliet's eyes. On a third Figaro, on a fourth Lucia, and so on, and so on.

You never saw a prettier table, sparkling with silver and aglow with flowers set on a silken cloth, which the careful Miss Caroline had consented to produce for the occasion, and in the centre rose a wonderful cake, a veritable Plinlimmon, of luscious fruit, surmounted with a trophy of sugary musical instruments to which I cannot do justice. It was a splendid trophy. Then came the event of the evening: the conservatory had been converted into a theatre in our absence, of which the lessee was George, who had organized the entertainment in Madame's honor. But what a pretty theatre, with the soft glow of electricity shedding its subdued light upon the auditorium! Mdme. Patti took the seat of honor, with Mr. Nicolini on her right and Mr. Spalding on her left, and a host of visitors on either side again. Ring up the red curtain, and a really capital concert was commenced, which included the cosy song and the sentimental ditty, and I can assure you the choruses sounded charming in that tropical fairyland.

All for Love, or the World Well Lost.

All for Love, or the World Well Lost, to borrow a title from an play, might be inscribed upon the careers of two of the most prominent young men in modern Europe. The Crown Prince Rudolph, for the sake of the Baroness Vetsera, sacrificed everything, his family, his succession of the Empire-Kingdom, and life itself. And now Prince Alexander of Battenberg has followed suit, although in a much less tragic fashion. According to some rumors there was no position of power and dignity in Europe to which the ex-Prince of Bulgaria might not have hoped at one time to aspire. Had the Emperor Frederick lived, Prince Alexander would probably have married the Emperor's daughter, and there are even some who maintain that when Prince Bismarck retired he might have been succeeded as Chancellor of the Empire by the son-in-law of the Emperor. Now, for the sake of a pretty opera singer he has sacrificed everything; he has laid aside his princely title, and as plain Count Hartenaw he is to live in strict retirement for the rest of his life. Baroness Vetsera and Mdlle. Loisinger are the latest in the long line of women who, from the days of Helen of Troy and Delilah of Gaza, have infatuated the rulers and magnates of the world.

BARONESS VETSERA.

Most all Right.

First Anarchist—Vat? Is dot true vat you say dat Herr Most he haf been caught mit von hoondret tollars in his pocket?

Second Anarchist—Yah.

First Anarchist—Herr Most is no anarchist. He is von traitor.

Second Anarchist—So I dinks meinself at first, but I finds out different. Herr Most is all recht. He owes two hoondret tollars for beer.

Knowledge is Power, but it's not Money.

Miss Penelope Peachblow—Who is that?

Mr. Jonathan Trump—Oh, that's Professor Digby, who knows everything. He's considered one of the most profound scholars in America.

Miss Penelope Peachblow—Well, why doesn't he have his hair cut?

Mr. Jonathan Trump—He can't afford it.

Only One Fear.

Old Lady—What's the matter, little boy?

Street Urchin (whimpering)—Fraid.

Old Lady—Afraid? Well, I do declare! I didn't know you street gamins were ever afraid of anything, seen or unseen, in this world or the next.

Street Urchin—Y—e—s, we're 'fraid of—of each other.

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Sir Guy looked up; but he was alone. With-out a glance at him, without another word, Lady Oldcastle had left the room. With a shrug of his broad shoulders and a harsh, short laugh, the young man sat back in his book, as utterly unmoved, to all appearance, as he had shown himself to be before his mother's angry eyes.

Lady Oldcastle went straight to her own rooms—rooms sombrely luxurious, well suited to their stately mistress. Haughtier even than usual she looked as she stood by her fire. Twenty years before, the rage—helpless rage—that possessed her would have broken out in fierce gestures and passionate words; now she could control both. But within her the tempest raged none the less fiercely for its suppression. Her son whom she had never loved, for whom she felt daily increasing hatred as she loved his brother more, had deliberately defied her, and she knew herself to be absolutely helpless before the strength of his resolution. The handsome face was not good to look upon during the few moments that Lady Oldcastle stood gazing down at her fire, battling with herself. She moved presently, and her brow grew less dark as she pondered; it was as though her gloomy thoughts had at last led her to a clear solution of her trouble. She went to her davenport and quickly wrote and sealed a short letter—a letter to her younger son. Then she rang the bell.

In response to its summons there appeared, not her maid, but the tall, lithe figure of Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper. She entered the room so quietly, and with such a swift, gliding movement, that she was close beside Lady Oldcastle, before the latter was aware of her entrance.

"I did not ring for you, Uglow," said her mistress coldly. "Where is Parker?"

"She has one of her bad headaches, my lady, and thought you would prefer me to take her place," returned the housekeeper. She said it with her eyes fixed full upon the letter bearing Marmaduke Oldcastle's name.

Lady Oldcastle made a rapid movement as though she would have covered it. The woman had been Marmaduke's foster-mother; and, passionately jealous and secretive, over the one absorbing affection of her life, she resented, as far as she dared, the housekeeper's love for her foster-son. Yes—as far as she dared; for Olivia Oldcastle feared the woman, yet without knowing why or what she feared. She checked her involuntary movement, and, taking up the letter, held it out.

"Oblige me by seeing that this is placed in the post-bag, Uglow; it is of importance."

"I will put it into the mail myself, my lady, when I go downstairs."

Mrs. Uglow took the letter and slipped it into the pocket of her black silk apron. "Excuse me for asking, my lady," she said respectfully, "but I hope that Mr. Duke is well?"

"Perfectly so, I believe. We shall shortly, I hope, have an opportunity of seeing for ourselves."

"Mr. Duke intends to come to the Towers, I presume, my lady?" Mrs. Uglow hazarded.

"I have just written to him to do so."

"That's good news for us all, your ladyship. The Towers is a different place when Mr. Duke is in it."

Lady Oldcastle made no reply, but remained mostly silent while the housekeeper quietly removed her dress, replaced it with a dressing-gown, and began to brush out her once beautiful hair. And, as she did so, Mrs. Uglow's eyes were very intent upon the handsome face looking gloomily in the mirror before her. With the freedom of an old servant, she presently recommenced the conversation.

"Lady Adela Nugent seems a very pleasant and pretty young lady, your ladyship, although not at all like his lordship the Earl, as I remember him."

"She does not resemble him at all," said her mistress coldly.

"Exactly, your ladyship. It seems that, from what that curious Irish person, her maid, says—"

"Lady Adela Nugent's private affairs hardly concern you, Uglow," Lady Oldcastle interrupted irrigidly. "Be good enough not to encourage her maid's chatter, and pray do not trouble me either with your opinions or speculations; they do not interest me."

The languid insolence of both tone and manner would have brought the crimson blood into the cheeks of most listeners. It had no such effect upon the smooth, pale face of Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper; but there was a flash of her black eyes, and the sudden hard smile that played for a moment round her lips was not without its subtle sense of power.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," she said humbly. "It is not my intention or my wish to forget my position. I was merely going to remark that it seems that Lady Adela is not like her mother either, or even the uncle who is to leave her her fortune. Ah, your ladyship, said Mrs. Uglow, laughing like a fool face in the mirror from beneath her lowered lids, "if Mr. Duke does come home, it may be a very good thing! It would be a splendid match even for an Oldcastle—an Earl's daughter and seventy thousand pounds!"

Lady Oldcastle rose, haughtily drawing herself away.

"You forget yourself, Uglow," she said imperiously: "you presume too far. That will do—you can go."

Without a word either of apology or remonstrance, Mrs. Uglow obeyed. She left the room as softly and suddenly as she had entered it. Down the stairs and across the hall she went quickly, and then came to a halt. By the table where the post-bag lay Sir Guy was standing. He was just locking it. Seeing the woman, he stopped.

"What is it, Mrs. Uglow? Anything to go?"

"Her ladyship sent me down with a letter, Sir Guy. It is important, I believe."

"Very well—you are only just in time." He unlocked the bag, and held out his hand. "Give it to me."

Mrs. Uglow drew out the letter and handed it to him. Guy raised his brows at the sight of his brother's name, shrugged his shoulders with a frown, dropped the letter into the bag, locked it, and handed it to the man who was waiting to take it to Wildeves. Then he bade the housekeeper a short "Good night" and went off to his "den." Mrs. Uglow went off to hers.

It did not, however, by any means deserve to be called a "den," being a very sung and comfortable room, bright with fire and candle, and odorous with the steam which escaped from the carefully-covered dishes set forth upon the round table. Tempting as her supper seemed, Mrs. Uglow was in no mood for it. She stood motionless before the fire for a moment, and then quickly turned to a sideboard and lifted from it a small desk heavily brass-bound. She unlocked it, and touched a spring; a slide flew open, revealing a small secret drawer. In it lay a single letter—a large narrow envelope of the shape now seldom seen, of thick yellow-brown paper, and evidently sealed with a ring. The housekeeper took it out and laid it upon the table, looking down at it with a peculiar smile. Presently she turned it over. Upon the other side was written, in a large firm hand, "My Legacy to my Wife." The housekeeper snatched it up suddenly, looking as though she would have torn it open, then let it fall again, and turned her eyes to the only picture in the room—a large framed photograph, hanging over the fireplace, of a young man or boy—he looked little more—with a wonderfully handsome face and a sad, laughing expression. With her chin resting upon her long, lithe hand, the housekeeper stood regarding it. Then she took up the letter again.

"If I only knew the contents of this," she muttered—"if I only knew those lifts in where the ruin—if I were only sure! Shall I open it? I have often been tempted. I am an audacious woman, I suppose," she said contemptuously, "or I should never have dared to steal it, as I did, from the stiffening fingers of a dying man. I should not have done it but for those few words of his. Shall I open it?" She glanced up at the portrait again and thrust the letter from her suddenly, as though she feared to trust herself.

"No—not yet!"

CHAPTER V.

Extracted from Lady Adela Nugent's Journal, June 9, 18—.

"I have confessed to shamefully since I have been here, little book! When I took you out of your drawer just now, I absolutely blushed to look at you! Not a line or a word, not even a blot, have you had since I came to Oldcastle Towers—and that is more than a week ago. I am lazy just now, I have nothing to do, and I'm a little disconsolate; I feel as if I could sit up my time and sweeten my temper by scribbling in you.

"Does Oldcastle Towers come up to my expectations? Well, all that I expected is here, but then a good deal that I didn't expect is here too. For instance, I felt quite certain that I should not get on with Lady Oldcastle; I don't get on with her—I don't think I get out of her way whenever I can. Then I was quite prepared to find Oldcastle Towers dull: so it is. Then, again, I was particularly prepared to feel myself miles away from anywhere; and my expectations have been more than realised. So much for the expected and unpleasant part of my experience. Now for the pleasant things, which I didn't expect at all.

"I didn't expect to find everything about the Towers so beautiful and old; I didn't expect to find anything so funny—and sad—as Blister and his copy-books; and I most certainly did not expect to find anything half so interesting as Sir Guy and his workshop.

"He does gold and silver chasing, and does it beautifully. I asked him once if he could make his living out of it he were obliged. He laughed, and said that with that and other things he thought it possible that he might scrape up a million of bread and butter at any rate. What he meant by other things is his writing. I have found out that he contributes articles to magazines—scientific ones—horrid things that make my poor silly head ache even to think of. If he thinks me silly, I will do him the justice to say that he does not let me see it—indeed he is very nice to me in his blunt grave way.

"But about the gold and silver chasing. I have been in Sir Guy's workshop a good many times altogether, and watched him at work. Of course he first asked me if I should care to see it was dull. Lady Oldcastle does not like my doing this, I am certain; but I can't see why she should object. She has never said so—I only feel it. I think Sir Guy knows it too—I cannot be because she wants me to be with her; for not only does she seem to prefer to be alone, but I hardly fancy she likes me. She is kind, but in such a cold hard way, as if she were forcing herself to it, or doing it to serve some set purpose which she has in view. There—that is exactly the impression she makes upon me!

"Really, but for Sir Guy, I should have had a most dismal stately time of it here. He knows every rock and cover of the country for miles around; and he and I, and Blister and Rob Roy—such a queer quartet we must be!—have been out on some famous rambles. Lady Oldcastle says nothing, but I know she does not like this either. Oh, dear, I wonder what she does like!

"Sir Guy has a dear little yacht, and twice, when the sea was very smooth, we have been for a sail—he and Rob Roy, Blister is dreadfully afraid of the water. The yacht—she is called the Belle Aurore—is kept moored in a tiny natural harbor close at hand. I can almost steer her myself—I have tried before. Pinkum was to have gone too yesterday, but her courage failed her at the last moment, and so we left her on the beach, with Blister consoling her.

"Let me see—have I anything else to write about that is pleasant or interesting? Yes—there is that queer child Angel, who is certainly the oddest angel that was ever dreamed of—as odd in herself as in her sharp little stylish face. Where can she resemble, I wonder? Surely not her mother, for she was Lady Oldcastle's sister, and no one could be more completely unlike Lady Oldcastle herself. I know very little about children; but I thought they were altogether different from this—dear little loving, pretty, clinging things. Poor Angel is none of these. She is utterly lawless, wild, and wilful; she is afraid of nothing—she cares for no one; she is outspoken in a way that makes me sometimes really uncomfortable. I ought to know that, I am sure. I never look at the child without thinking of that passionate slender outburst of hers upon the night of the first night I came here—and, oh, dear, how ridiculous it made me feel! Besides that, she is most outrageously mischievous—often, I think, for the mere wanton pleasure of annoying other people.

"The only person who seems to have any real influence over her is Sir Guy. She does mind what he says to her, and I really believe is as fond of him as she can be of any one—not the less so perhaps because she is a little afraid of him. Me she doesn't like, and plainly shows she doesn't. She has not, I think, forgiven me for having called her rude that night. Lady Oldcastle she does stand a little in awe of; but she delights in defying her as much as she dares.

"As for that poor little Miss Stone, her governess—she really is a pretty girl, and would be more so if she were not so very timid and depressed—Lady Oldcastle's fault of course. A malicious little monkey absolutely glories in tormenting and worrying her. If it were my case, I would tell Miss Angel something. There in nothing is this odd child so strange as in her dislike of Mrs. Uglow, the housekeeper. She absolutely loathes the woman, and shows her detestation on all the means in her power. I am at one with Angel there—I hate her too! Why? Ah, that's just it! I don't know why, but I do.

"I have had a letter from mamma—such a dolorous reproachful epistle as no one but mamma can write. I think, I know, that she is not by any means pleased because I like Oldcastle Towers. My banishment is not so much of a penance as it should be, evidently. She hopes that I am changing my mind. Yes, I am; Viscount Tatton Pakenham is ten thousand times more odious to me than he was before.

"Have I anything else to set down, my dear little secret-keeper, before I shut you up? Yes, there is one thing—sad, dreadful, puzzling thing. Why is it—how is it that Lady Oldcastle hates Sir Guy? She does—I know it. I have seen it in her eyes, I have felt it in her voice; and I feel that he sees and knows it too. How is it to be wondered at that he is so grave and melancholy? Some man would not care, perhaps; but he does. I can't recall that I have ever heard him laugh—not a real hearty laugh of enjoyment. How has she the heart to do it? How can she be so cruel? Ah, little book, sometimes I think that those of our kindred are the coldest and cruelest in the world!"

Lady Adela came quickly and lightly down the stairs into the hall, her pink muslin skirts gathered in one hand, her broad pink-lined hat swinging from the other. Certainly she did not look as if her stay at Oldcastle Towers—more than a fortnight old now—had been much of a penance. She had never looked so radiant. Her sweet rounded face was a little sunburnt—the result of her rambles over hill and dale—her hands were slightly browned too, and so was even the slender neck upon which the large soft knot of rippling brown hair rested. But Adela did not look as though she were grieving over her impaired complexion—although Pinkum had been lamenting it five minutes before—as she came lightly down the stairs, singing softly, with smiling lips and dreamy eyes. With her hat still swinging, she was crossing the hall towards a side entrance when the library door opened suddenly and Lady Oldcastle came out. She stopped when she saw the girl.

"I was about to send some one to look for you, Adela. I am going for a drive. Do you care to accompany me?"

Lady Adela looked away from the handsome lady and wistfully out beyond the open door at the broad sunny pathway, the green slopes, and the brilliant flower beds.

"Thank you, Lady Oldcastle," she said, and faltered a little, "I think not this afternoon, if you will excuse me. The day is such a splendid one, and I promised Angel that I would walk with her and Miss Stone down to the lake. Angel is crazy to get a bunch of water-lilies, it seems."

"Just as you like, my dear, of course," the older lady returned, not without stiffness—this was the first time that her young guest had refused one of those drives—"I am sorry to lose tete with her hostess in the Oldcastle carriage.

"Since you are going with Angel, pray tell Miss Stone to be careful of the child. She has no idea of her means the control over her that I should like to see. Will you remember?"

Recalling the by-no-means few times when audacious Angel had defied Lady Oldcastle to her face, Adela could not help smiling a little demure smile of shy amusement which it was well that her elder did not see.

"Oh, yes, I'll remember, Lady Oldcastle!" she said cheerfully, putting on her hat. "I dare say that, between us, Miss Stone and I shall keep Angel from drowning herself this time. And, if she does tumble in, I can swim a little; or I might ask Sir Guy to lend us Rob Roy—he would be a whole Humane Society in himself. Good-bye! I hope you will have a pleasant drive."

She went out, crossing the stretch of sunny gravel, unconscious of how gloomily and darkly Lady Oldcastle's cold blue eyes followed her light figure. Adela cared little for having displeased her hostess; that one was slightly too punctilious on the score of possible ill-manners.

"It was hardly nice of me to refuse, I'm afraid," she reflec ed; "for, in paying me so much attention during the last few days, I suppose she means to be kind; but I should like it ever so much better if she would let me alone, as she did at first. And yet she doesn't really like me, I'm positive. I don't know why she should do it." A blush rose warmly here in the sweet face, and perhaps Lady Adela was not quite sincere in her last remark. "Besides, I really did promise Angel; and those long drives are—oh, horribly dull! I wonder where she is, the little sprite!"

As she spoke she raised her eyes, and saw Angel a little way in front, leaning against a sprite indeed in her frock of Turkey-red, her wild dark hair flying from beneath a fisherman's cap of the same color. The child saw her at the same moment, and stopped in her employment of deliberately ripping up each breadth of the silk in her sunshade.

"Adela—Lady Adela!" screamed Angel shrilly.

"What is it?" Adela called back, not hurrying herself at all.

"Come here quick—I want you! Run!"

"Then you must come to me."

"I sha'n't, I'm hot. I want you now!" cried Angel, stamping.

"You must wait until I get to you then."

Angel instantly turned her back, sat down upon the gravel, and began to tear the silk in the unfortunate sunshade into shreds. By the time Adela reached her it was a wreck. The young lady scrambled nimbly to her feet and held it up.

"There," she said exultingly—"that's because you wouldn't run!"

"That's a story, Angel! You were tearing it before you saw me."

"No, it isn't; I say I wasn't."

Adela turned quietly and walked back the way she had come. The child stood staring after her with wide-open eyes for a moment, then ran after her. But she was left of the sunshade and rushed after her.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Back to the house."

"You promised to come and help me to pick water-lilies—you know you did!" said Angel, indignantly.

"When you say that I tell stories, Angel?"

"I didn't say you did; I said I didn't," returned the child cunningly. "And it isn't me that tells stories—it's Miss Stone. Come and help me to pick the water-lilies, and I won't tell Miss Stone—there!"

"You won't tell her what?"

"Never mind what. I won't tell you either if you are cross. Are you cross?" demanded Angel, prudently.

"I'm not cross, Angel." Adela knew that Angel did not brook caresses, so she only looked down kindly into the quaint little dark face and laid her hand gently upon the small brown fingers that held her arm. "I'm sorry when you are rude and naughty—that's all."

"I was born under an unlucky star, cousin Guy says," observed Angel, comfortably; "and so I can't help it. He ought to know because once when I asked him if he was too, he said 'Yes,' he was."

"I hope he wasn't," said Adela, half amused by the sudden solemn gravity of the odd child.

"Oh, but he was, if I say," affirmed Angel confidently—"because no one loves me, and no one loves him—that's how you can tell, you know! Now, if you're not cross, really and truly, I'll tell you, and not say a word to aunt Olivia."

"What about?"—"About Miss Stone."

"But I don't want you to tell me, either, Angel. It isn't nice of you to want to tell tales of your governess, you know."

"Why, what does it matter? You won't scold her and make her cry," said Angel, shrewdly; "and I shouldn't want to tell you if she hadn't told stories."

"I don't think she did that."

"Oh, but she did though!" cried Angel, confidently. "And I don't see why she wanted me not to know. I don't know who her letters come from. She told me just now to run on first and see if you were coming, and she would sit down and wait because she was tired; and, when I didn't want to, she got angry, and said I should. So I went just a little way, and then went back, and she was reading a letter, and, when I asked who it was from, she jumped as if I had frightened her half to death, and pushed it into her pocket and said it wasn't a letter at all. But I know I saw it!" said the child, nodding, and almost breathless with the haste of her speech, which had indeed been too rapid for Adela to catch.

"And she ought not to tell stories, ought she?"

"You ought not to tell tales, Angel. Miss Stone's letters are no business of yours, or mine either."

"Well, but ought she?" persisted the obstinate child.

"No one ought to tell stories, Angel, or tear sunshades either," said Adela, with a mischievous look down into the dark little face.

"There is Miss Stone waiting for us. If we don't make haste, we shall have no lilies picked by the time you have to go in for your tea."

The governess was sitting on a bench a little farther down the broad winding path; but she rose quickly and advanced at sight of the first flutter of Angel's Turkey red frock. It struck Adela instantly that she had never seen the pretty girl look so pretty. She was flushed, tremulous, smiling, her blue eyes as bright as the sharp dark ones that peered at her from beneath the red border of the child's fisherman-cap.

Lady Adela gave her a gay little nod, smiling kindly.

"I have an especial charge from Lady Oldcastle, Miss Stone, to the effect that we are on no account to drown Angel if we can conveniently help it. I told her that I thought we could manage to avoid that between us. What is the little monkey going to do with the lilies when she gets them?"

Angel had darted off towards the lake, all her long dark hair streaming behind her. Amy Stone smiled shyly. All Adela's frank good-humor and kindness had not yet succeeded in making the girl other than timid and uncertain with her.

"I don't know, Lady Adela—it is only a whim, I think. Most likely, when she gets them, she will only pull them to pieces and throw them all over the shrubbery. That is how she nearly always treats flowers."

"If she does that, I should make her pick every separate one up again—mischievous little vixen! You must get very tired of her sometimes—don't you?"

"Sometimes," allowed the governess timidly.

"I should think so. I know that, if it were my case, Miss Angel would have driven me from the Towers long since in sheer despair. Do you never think of shaking its ungrateful dust from your feet?"

"Oh, no—I don't want to leave—I would rather stay!" said the girl, with impulsive quickness.

Lady Adela, looking at her, was surprised at the eagerness and earnestness of her voice—surprised at the quick hot flush on her fair face. Poor girl, the thought of being out of a situation must indeed be terrible to her, she reflected, with a little sister-like thrill of pity, since she could thus cling to a stony semblance of a home such as the Towers must be to her—to such a pupil as Angel—to such a mistress as Lady Oldcastle!

"Have you been here long?" she inquired impulsively. "Have never asked."

"It is more than a year, Lady Adela."

"So long as that? I thought it was only a few months. If I had been asked for my opinion, I should have said that Angel's governess must surely change with the changings of the moon. You have absolutely been here a year, and wish to stay longer! You are braver than I should have been, I'm afraid."

"The governess only looked down with another vivid blush. She was shyer and more silent than usual this afternoon, Adela thought. Then Angel came flying back, crying out that there were lots of lilies—resolute, it seemed, to pick all the rushes away every one.

They did not do that by a long way; but by dint of care and dexterity they did contrive to secure a number, either for fewer or more. Angel wished. Lady Adela gaily vetoed the picking of any more at last—they would have quite as many now as it would be convenient to carry to the house, she said. So Miss Stone in obedience to the command of her imperious pupil, sat down to dip up the waxen-yellow spoils, and Adela wandered off by herself for a little way, and stood looking thoughtfully across the shining placid surface of the lake to the green massive belt of trees upon its farther margin and the range of sunlit hills beyond.

She had lost herself in a dream when a gruff bark sounded hard by, and Rob Roy came bounding boisterously to her side. His master was at hand of course, and Adela, looking around with the glare of the sun in her eyes, was not surprised to find him close to her; she he was surprised to see her, as his expression showed.

"I thought you had gone for a drive with my mother, Lady Adela?" he said, as it seemed, involuntarily.

"Lady Oldcastle did ask me; but I had promised to come here and help Angel to pick water lilies," returned the girl. "Besides, I am not fond of long formal drives, taken for no particular reason, you know."

"I understood that it was arranged this morning for you to go," said Sir Guy, looking straight before him a little. "I thought struck her. "I hope Lady Oldcastle is not vexed at my refusal," she said. "She has gone herself, of course?"

"She has not; I saw the carriage being taken back to the stables just now. I believe she has a visitor."

(To be Continued.)

Where Land is Cheap.

Lone Horseman—Can you tell me how far it is to the Crawford ranch?
New Mexican Farmer—Can't stop now. Me an' Bill Ruckers is playin' a game of checkers an' it's my move.—*Puck.*

Little Drops of Humor.

Young Author—You have read my new novel I suppose? Laconic Friend—Yes. Young Author—What, in your judgment, ought that book to bring me? Laconic Friend—Remorse.

Pat—An' how is the misus to-day? Bridget—Shure, me darlin' Pat, the doctors says as if she lives till morning, they have some hopes of her; but if she don't, then they think she'll die.

A lady writer asks—Why don't bachelors marry? That's so—why don't they? Come to think about it, we have never seen a bachelor who was married. Likewise it is the same with old maids.

First Chicago Boy—What is a golden wedding, Jimmy? Second Chicago Boy—Where dey gits married for the fifteeth time.

Tommy (who is reading a history of the Elizabethan era)—Papa, what is a thoroughly woman? Papa—Most any kind, Tommy, unless she's dumb.

"They will pay for my joke on publication," groaned Crabley, as he dropped the editor's note to the floor: "Great Scott! I wanted that money for a board bill, not a tombstone!"

Lent. Two young lady friends:

"Can you suggest to me a thoroughly reliable fai her-confessor?"

"Have you anything very serious to confess?"

"Very serious!"

"Very well, then. You had better go to mine. You can tell him anything. He is stone deaf."

"I'm afraid you're going to the bad," as the old hen remarked to the egg that wouldn't hatch.

"Is Washington's birthday observed in Texas?" asked a New Yorker, who was visiting San Antonio.

"Observed?" exclaimed the astonished native, "why, it's venerated. It takes four carloads of beer to fill the demand on that sacred day."

A London dude has been poisoned through sucking the head of his cane. This news will go a long way towards reconciling us to the spectacle of a long-eared, knock-kneed exquisite absently chewing the knob of his stick.

"And how are ye failin' ter-day, Mr. O'Rafferty?" "I niver felt so poorly in all me life. I'm too poor to buy the medicine for me ailin'. If I had millions, it's ivery cint av it that I'd give to be a rich man." "I'm wid ye, Mr. O'Rafferty. If I owned the whole world I'd be willin' ter give it away for a little piece of land and a cabin that I could call me own."

Miss O'Beace (fat, fair and forty)—This moonlight night, reminds me wondrously of the night we quarreled so foolishly twenty years ago. Browne—Yes, we were foolish. I did not realize then how much I was losing. Miss O'Beace (tremulously)—Indeed, Charles—Mr. Browne, I mean. Browne—Yes; you didn't weigh over one hundred and twenty pounds in those days, did you?

Tramp—Beg pardon, sir, but could you render me some slight assistance in a pecuniary way to enable me to return to my beloved home once more? Traveler (from Boston)—Where is your home, my good man? Tramp—Boston, sir. I had enough money yesterday, but there was a hole in the pocket of my pants— Traveler—Sir, you are an impostor! I can do nothing for you. Pants, indeed!

Companions.

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A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

During the day following Killick's death, Tully was surprised to find his office besieged by clients anxious to obtain slight of mortgages or to obtain a statement of account. He thought it strange that at a time of affliction people with whom they had been doing business should be so anxious to have a statement, but early in the afternoon he heard the rumors which had been the cause of something very much like a "run" on their office, and had no difficulty in tracing them to Chandler. In every instance he had been able to satisfy those who had called that everything was all right, shown them the papers, the contents of which they took pains to state they had forgotten and from which they wished to refresh their memory. There was plenty of money in the bank to the firm's credit, and as soon as Tully found the meaning of the excitement it was not a difficult matter to quiet his clients. Stopping the stories themselves, however, he knew would be a different matter. That the firm was suspected of having been engaged in crooked business and his own reputation was involved; that the death of his partner had left him to bear the burden of Killick's wrong doing, staggered him. After long years of reckless ness his name and reputation must now be the target for all mud-throwing envy! The newspapers, too, would discuss the matter, and if Cora Burnham felt inclined to complete her revenge, now was certainly the time she would act. So at last everything would have to come out and the villainous record of his partner would become so associated with the stories of his own dissipation and irregularity that forever afterwards he would be tainted and besmirched beyond hope of ever being able to rehabilitate himself. How could he ever hold up his head in the city again! The thought of all these things made his brow darken and he ground his teeth with a fierce determination to fight it through.

"If Dill were only with me I could face a thousand furies," he said, half aloud; and with the thought of her the scowl left his handsome face, and throwing himself back in his chair he almost smiled as the idea suggested itself to him that, blackened by calumny and rendered friendless and poor by loss of business, Dill could not suspect him of offering himself as a sacrifice for having wasted her fortune. "I shall be able to convince her, thank God, that she is the one making the sacrifice, and I the one receiving the favor." At his thoughts thus turned in a more hopeful direction, he was beginning almost to congratulate himself that his persecutor was dead and that Providence, after all, was directing his future and bringing him safely through the trial, when Teddy Grigsby's tall and ungainly form appeared at the door of his private room. That his errand was not a pleasant one was evident from his extreme embarrassment and a woful and intensified awkwardness, which made it almos impossible for him to seat himself in the chair which Tully had pushed toward him, without falling down.

"What is the matter with you, Grigsby," inquired Tully, with the cheerfulness which he had all day assumed in the presence of his clients, "you come in with the graceful and funeral manner of a kind-hearted sheriff who finds it his painful duty to take the prisoner out and hang him. Unburden yourself, old fellow; don't feel afraid of hurting me. I have had a siege of it all day and can stand almost anything now."

Grigsby sat on the edge of his chair, leaning forward, anxiously scrutinising Tully's face. He pushed his spectacles up on his eyes, fidgeted about with his hands and then began:

"I hear that you are in trouble, Tully—that Killick's death has disclosed a series of frauds and—and villainies in fact, which is likely to ruin you and everyone whose money you have been handling. Is it true, Tully? Has Dill Browning been robbed of the money left in your care for her?"

"Grigsby," answered Tully, steadily, "Killick has been doing the maiden lady, but if God in his wisdom ever struck a man down in order to defeat his plans for the ruin of others, he has done it in the present instance. I do not believe Killick expected to die, I don't imagine that his plans were so matured that his death will not defeat them. He was an exceedingly wealthy man and I haven't the slightest doubt that everything we owe we shall be able to pay. That he contrived for some diabolical reason of his own to have Miss Browning's money invested in worthless securities I admit. I shall endeavor to make our firm responsible; if this cannot be done I will devote the rest of my life to repaying the money I have been the instrument of losing, and I can assure you, old fellow, that it was carelessness and not fraud on my part."

"Then you have lost her money, have you?" demanded Grigsby, straightening up.

"Yes, I fear that the most of it is gone."

"Then Tully, all I have to say to you is, that you are no friend of mine, that you deserve the worst that has been said about you. You are too good a lawyer to be a young man of such a mistake. I would never have believed it of you. It will take evidence which I am afraid you can't produce to convince me that you are not an infernal rascal."

"I think I shall be able to produce that evidence, Teddy," answered Tully, sadly. "As an old friend, as one I have loved as a brother, withhold your judgment for a little while."

"I can't, Tully, I won't," cried Grigsby. "You have always been able to talk me over, I have always felt somehow that you had a license to do things which I would have considered criminal in myself, but I can't forgive this."

"Teddy," whispered Tully, putting his hand on Grigsby's shoulder and standing erect before him, "I love Dell Browning. You know that for years she has been my ideal of a good and beautiful woman. Why should you think me scoundrel enough to try and do her an injury! Have I been so brutal, so heartless, so utterly without conscience, that you can believe this of me?"

Teddy faltered. He could see the tears in Tully's eyes.

"I can only judge a man," said he, "by his actions. Yours have been those of a man who didn't care what happened, so long as it didn't happen to him. I can't change my opinion, though I wish to God I could. Will you be kind enough to give me all the papers in your office belonging to our firm? Our acquaintanceship and business dealings must end."

"It shall be as you say, Teddy. I now know that I am without a friend."

He went to the vault, selected the papers, insisted on Grigsby glancing over them, and then with a quiet dignity which impressed Teddy in spite of himself, bade him good evening. Returning to his private office, he stood at the window looking down on the street below, his heart heavy and his eyes almost unable to restrain the tears. "If Grigsby believes it," he thought, "I need hope for no mercy from public opinion. Dell herself will believe me guilty."

He heard the door open sharply behind him, and turning around he stood face to face with John Stryde.

"What is this I hear, Tully?" demanded Stryde, his voice tremulous with excitement and anger.

"I don't know what you have heard," answered Tully, bitterly; "nothing good, I presume."

"I have heard that you have squandered every cent of trust money in your possession; that Killick's death has brought things to a crisis; that the firm is bankrupt, and that you and that dead villain have used me as a dupe, and that not only Dell Browning's money, but Mrs. King's has been squandered."

"If you will sit down I will talk the matter over with you," answered Tully, defiantly, "but I have endured so much to-day that I can't enter into any discussion with a man who insists on stigmatizing me as a rascal before he knows the facts. Chandler has been circulating all sorts of infernal lies, and this office has been a pandemonium all day. I would like to have your good opinion, and I certainly expect that even if I have forfeited it you will not do any talking until you know what you are talking about. All that has been done is past and no amount of talking will alter it."

"But has the money been lost?" insisted Stryde, hoarsely.

"I am not aware of a cent of Mrs. King's money having been lost or misapplied. As far as the investment of Dell Browning's money is concerned I was as innocent of any intention to do wrong as you were. I am as anxious to make reparation as you are. To-morrow after the funeral Scott and I intend to go into the matter thoroughly. My whole day has been employed satisfying my clients that their affairs are perfectly straight. If you will join us to-morrow afternoon we will look into this matter. In the meantime, Stryde," added Tully, bitterly, "in your righteousness do not judge me too harshly. If you are a Christian act like one until I am proven unworthy of even that mercy which God is willing to show to the vilest sinner."

"You have no reason, Tully, to speak to me in this way. I am not an old woman; I don't go about tattling scandals. I have asked you a business question—give me a straight answer."

"My answer, Mr. Stryde, is, that this firm is perfectly solvent; that while Killick has been manipulating stocks and following out some infernal scheme to ruin me and half a dozen others, he has made money at every turn. As far as I am aware his estate will satisfy ten times over every claim that can be brought against the firm. I am personally unaware of a cent of indebtedness to anybody which is not covered by our balance in the bank; and though no doubt you will refuse to believe me, I assure you that I have done nothing unprofessional; was not implicated in any irregularity, except as I told you I was careless in looking into the title of that Moore property. We shall go into this matter to morrow; it would be useless for me to endeavor to hide anything from you now, as the facts will then be disclosed. In the meantime, any man who says to you that I have been doing anything crooked, if you are a friend of mine, you can stigmatize as a slanderer; if you are not a friend of mine, you can suggest that he had better hold his tongue till he knows the facts."

With a crusty "Good evening," Stryde gave Tully a look full of suspicion and left the room.

It was after six o'clock, and the clerks had all gone. Tully sat in his office, bruised and dejected, after his interview with Grigsby and Stryde. The gas had not been lit in his private room, and in the half-darkness he lay back in his chair thinking with bitter hopelessness of the task before him.

"If she were only here to help me," he thought, "I wouldn't care for the rest of the world; but to have everyone against me, no one to whisper a word of encouragement, and even Grigsby cutting my acquaintance is enough to drive a man to desperation. A month ago it would have driven me to drink. Funny, I hadn't thought of drink through all this worry; it never struck me as the easiest escape from this load of shame. I must be getting some strength, for temptation seems to come to me as it used to, and to-day, whenever there has been no one here to bully and berate me, my thoughts have all turned to her. For her sake I could be steady and keep back the temptation, for her sake I could be a decent man, for her sake I could be a gentleman, and if she stood by with her hand in mine I could see every dollar either of a even had or expects to come to me to the bottom of the sea, and be supremely happy. She can't know what I have to undergo or she would have sent me some little message to make me brave. How she smiled, how loving she was; what a heaven this troublesome earth seemed when for that sweet moment it held no one but Dell and me. And yet—and yet—she is gone. I cannot plead with her, I cannot explain the frightful things she will hear. Every hour may be fixing a great gulf between us."

The torture of this thought seemed insupportable; he rose from his chair and walked excitedly up and down the room. What if he lost her would become of him? Could he make the fight alone? For her sake he would try. He stopped for a moment and looked out upon the brightly illuminated street, his arm leaning high against the casing of the window, and his face resting upon it; though his lips were slightly drawn and his eyes filled with deep determination, his eyes filled with tears and a choking sob told how bitter was the thought of a future from which the angel of hope would be forever absent.

"I shall never give up," thought he. "It may take years yet, but I shall make her believe in me. As long as I know she is true I am entirely lost to me I can keep on trying. I can live on, though every day be a new misery, and at last God cannot but forgive me, and give her to me.

He did not notice the sleigh which stopped in the street below, nor heed the steps ascending the stair.

"Is Misther Tully in, d'ye say, mum? Dade I don't know, mum, but there is someone in his office, mum, and I'll ask who he is if your leddyship would loike me to, but I'm thinking who'ver it is would loike to be alone, mum, for he is wandering up an' down the room in the dark, mum!"

The sound of the voice of the old Irish woman, who was cleaning out the office, started Tully, and he stepped away from the window, hurriedly wiping his eyes, to face the intruder. He opened the door in answer to the old Irishwoman's knock, and as she stood bowing apologetically before him, her sleeves and skirts rolled up, she explained, "There is ye leddy, sor, two av thim, sor, would loike to see ye, sor."

"Show them in, Mrs. Murphy," he answered, at the same time feeling in his pocket for a match, and speaking loudly enough to encourage a long interview. "It is after business hours, but I suppose at a time like this I must refuse no one."

The match did not light, and he was trying another, when a fur-robed figure entered the door. The lighted match dropped from his fingers and he sprang forward and clasped the outstretched hands of Dell Browning.

"You here!" he cried. "I had expected is as little as the coming of an angel from heaven."

The scrub, scrub, and swish of the discreet old Irishwoman's brush on the remotest part of the floor, showed that she did not propose to be a witness of the interview. Mrs. Flambert, who had accompanied Dell, had dropped into a chair by one of the desks, and there was no one to see the clinging of Dell's arms about her lover's neck, or to look with unsympathetic eyes on the kisses, tender and passional, which Tully pressed upon the beautiful face upturned to his.

"I could not stay away, dear. When I heard the terrible stories that people are telling, I knew how unjust they were to you. It seems as if some power, stronger than my own, forced me to come and tell you that I love you. I knew how hard these things must be to bear, and I felt like a coward that I was not helping you to bear them. When I found you were in such trouble, I understood that you had not asked me to marry you to help me out of my difficulties—and I came to you!"

Tully, poor fellow, could not speak. As she looked up at him, her glorious eyes so full of devotion, when he found the prayer, which had been echoing through his heart all day, answered just as his suffering had become almost insupportable, his strength gave way and the tears streamed down his white and haggard face. For a few moments his only answer was the passionate clasp with which he held her close to his wildly beating heart.

Dell seemed to understand, and yet she longed to be assured in words that her coming was welcome. "Can't you tell me," she whispered, "that you are really and truly glad to see me?"

"Dell, my love, I cannot speak," he answered, unsteadily. "It seems almost like sacrilege for me to attempt to tell you how much your coming means to me. It is almost as if you were the messenger of God's forgiveness, and one can hardly imagine the sinner who hears in his ears at judgment the voice of God's mercy looking up and being able to thank Him for it.

"Were you sorry when you thought I had gone away, did you miss me very much?" she asked, still anxious to hear assurances of his love.

"Sweetheart, need I tell you? Is there not something better than my words assures you that it was desolation to me? Through the long nights I thought of you, dreamed of you, and prayed that we might not be separated; through this evil and bitter day I have been sustained by thoughts of you."

"Oh, my love! Can you forgive me for not coming to you sooner?" whispered Dell.

"Forgive you, my sweetheart? Do you know what this means? Do you understand that your coming to me, though it strengthens me, must not mean that you are to assume any part of my burden just now. You have given me the strength of a giant to bear the trials before me, but you must not share them with me. I can't tell what may happen. Some of Killick's victims may seek to be revenged on me and cause my arrest. I cannot tell what he has done. I do not imagine that he has transgressed the law, he understood it too well; but he may have come so near the debatable ground that I, as his partner, will be liable to some process intended to accomplish a revenge and inflict disgrace by imprisonment. I repeat now what I told you before, that I have done nothing which need make me fear investigation. Until it is all over I sha'n't ask to see you again; I must not see you again."

Dell's arms were still about his neck. "Dear," she murmured, her lips close to his, "I shall see you every day! I have to go to the jail to see you. When I decided that I believed in you—though long before that I knew I loved you—I made up my lot with yours, and into the end I will be faithful."

"Sweetheart," answered Tully tenderly, "impose no burden of duty on yourself. I am now strong enough to stand alone until this trouble is over. I would feel unmanly if I laid on your shoulders any of the burden that I should myself bear. The knowledge that you love me, and that when all is over I can claim you, is sufficient."

"For you, perhaps, but not for me," answered Dell, her face beaming with the devotion which meant that no sacrifice would be too great to be made for him she loved. "We must not again be separated."

The rustling of skirts in the outer office, and a short pronunciatory cough, announced Mrs. Flambert's approach, but the lovers did not move. After the dark days and the great trials through which they had passed, they felt no shame in their affection.

"Well, I declare! you are a pair of very interesting spoonies," exclaimed Mrs. Flambert, as she stood in the doorway. "I endeavored to announce my coming with sufficient distinctness to have you prepared to receive me. However, I can excuse it; it is a long time ago, but I was that way once myself. You may go with her if you like, Tully; but I want you to understand that I advised her with all my hitherto unsurpassed powers of persuasion to keep away from here. I am sorry that young ones are as proper a young man as I used to think you."

"I hope you don't believe the rumors about me, Mrs. Flambert. When I was really a bad man you saved me from being worse by believing in me. Now that I am trying to do right I hope you won't desert me."

"Oh Tully, Tully, you rascal, you can always wheedle me—but other people? How are you going to persuade them that you have done what is right?"

"To-morrow shall prove me innocent of any wrong doing. I may have been a fool—Killick's dupe—but in this case I am not so black as I am painted. I shall not come up to-night, but to-morrow night, after the examination of our affairs by some gentlemen I have requested for that purpose, I shall come and tell you the worst."

"I want to ask you something, Tully," exclaimed Mrs. Flambert, her voice changing, "are you in the good or bad graces of Mrs. Killick?"

"I am sure I can't tell you, Mrs. Flambert. I never saw her till yesterday, but she seems to be a pure and gentle woman. Why do you ask?"

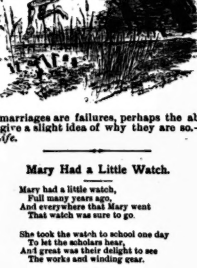
"Because she sent for Dell before the funeral, and says that she has something of importance to communicate to her afterwards. What can it be?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, Mrs. Flambert. "Surely she can't be in her scoundrelly husband's plot to ruin Dell and myself. She seems incapable of anything of the kind."

"Well, I don't know what it is, but Dr. Strong made me promise to bring Dell. If you come up at night we will be able to tell you all about it. Come now, Dell, we must go."

"Good night, dear," said Dell, and as Tully bent down his head to kiss her she whispered, "no matter what it is, it can't separate us."

(To be Continued.)



If marriages are failures, perhaps the above will give a slight idea of why they are so.—*N. Y. Life.*

Mary Had a Little Watch.

Mary had a little watch,
Full many years ago,
And everywhere that Mary went
That watch was sure to go.

She took the watch to school one day
To let the scholars hear
And great was their delight to see
The works and winding gear.

Next day the watch would go no more;
She hestened to a shop,
The jeweler looked quite wise and said,
"You did not wind it up."

Now she would not eat nor sleep:
Began to wind and fret,
And if she hasn't died since then
You'll find her winding yet.

A Modern Pilgrim.

What many a poor fellow can look back upon and say: To the bunco man, "I was a stranger and you took me in;" to the saloon-keeper, "When trying to reform, I was thirsty and you gave me drink;" to the minister, "I was hungry and you gave me food—for contemplation;" to the tempter friend, "I was almost naked and you clothed me—with disgrace; to the constable, "I was sick and you visited me;" to the magistrate, "I was in prison and you visited me with heavy judgment."

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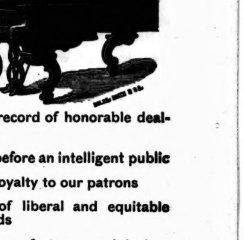

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I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

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Languor, and Loss of Appetite, are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine relieves that sense of *Constant Weariness*, from which so many suffer, purifies, invigorates, and vitalizes the blood, gives tone and vigor to the stomach, and restores the appetite, health and strength more surely and speedily than any other remedy.

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Two years ago I suffered from Loss of Appetite and Debility, the result of Liver Disease. After taking various nostrums and medies, and several physicians, without receiving any benefit, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle produced a marked change, and the second and third accomplished so much that I felt like a new man. I have, since that time, taken K. Bearden of the Hope "Nine," West Pa. about one bottle every year, and have no recurrence of the trouble.—William E. Way, East Lempster, N. H.

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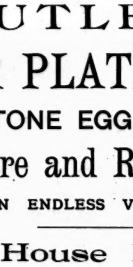

They are the result of years of and experimenting by an expert chemist, and before offered to the public in present form were tested in the most severe manner and submitted to the highest professional and medical authority, endorsed and pronounced perfectly harmless. Thousands now alive to their virtue, and none need suffer from *Headaches* if they will use Hoffman's Powders. **A trial will convince.**

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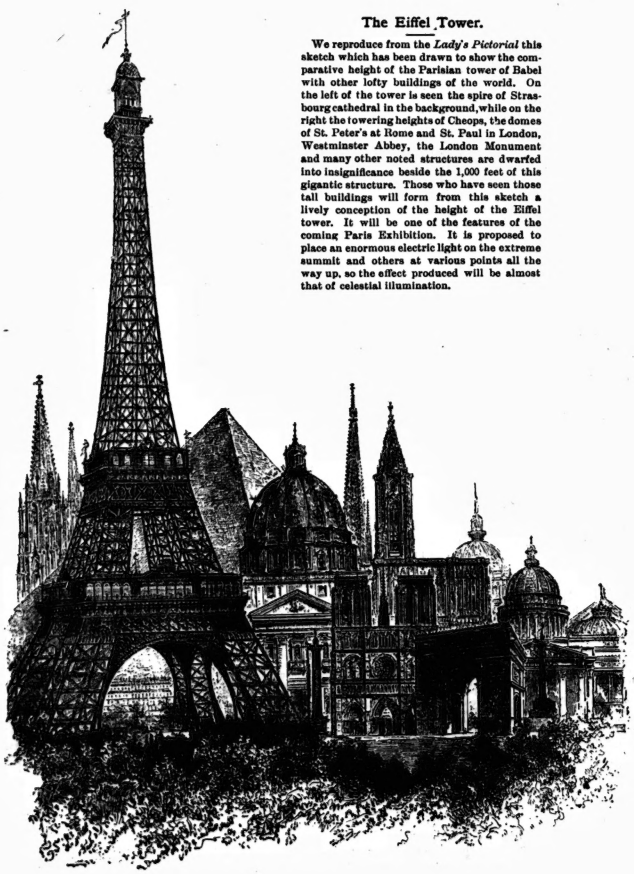
The Eiffel Tower.

We reproduce from the *Lady's Pictorial* this sketch which has been drawn to show the comparative height of the Parisian tower of Babel with other lofty buildings of the world. On the left of the tower is seen the spire of Strasbourg cathedral in the background, while on the right the towering heights of Cheops, the domes of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul in London, Westminster Abbey, the London Monument and many other noted structures are dwarfed into insignificance beside the 1,000 feet of this gigantic structure. Those who have seen those tall buildings will form from this sketch a lively conception of the height of the Eiffel tower. It will be one of the features of the coming Paris Exhibition. It is proposed to place an enormous electric light on the extreme summit and others at various points all the way up, so the effect produced will be almost that of celestial illumination.



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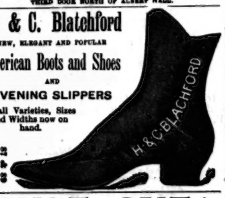

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Literary Club Reunion.

The Alpha Literary Club held their first annual At Home in their meeting rooms, on Monday, March 18. The honorary president, Mr. A. A. S. Wilkins, occupied the chair. There were about eighty-five persons present. The early part of the evening was occupied with an account of the origin and the work of the club by the chairman, and a debate on the question: "Resolved, that a Protective Policy is better for Canada than Free Trade." Messrs. Baker and Young very ably supported the affirmative, while Messrs. Hathaway and Mitchell upheld the negative. On a vote being taken on the merits of the arguments advanced, it was decided in favor of the affirmative. At the conclusion of the debate, the guests adjourned to the dining-room. A programme of a musical and literary character was presented during the evening, and, when the company broke up, shortly before twelve o'clock, the evening seemed altogether too short.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BURTON—On March 11, at Barrie, Mrs. Martin Burton—a daughter.
EDMONDS—On March 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. Edmonds—a daughter, still-born.
BROWNE—On March 7, at Montreal, Mrs. Stewart Browne—a son.
LLOYD—On March 9, at Toronto, Mrs. D. Lloyd—a daughter.
WILSON—On February 27, at Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. W. E. Wilson—a daughter.
PATRIARCHE—On March 13, at Brantford, Mrs. H. E. Patriarche—a son.
FENWICK—On March 11, at Hamilton, Mrs. E. J. Fenwick—a son.
GALLAGHER—On March 16, at Toronto, Mrs. R. S. Gallagher—a son.
HEWLETT—On March 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Hewlett—a son.
MURDOCH—On March 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles H. Murdoch—a daughter.
SANFORD—On March 13, at "Stateborough," Barrie, Mrs. Sydney J. Sanford—a son.
WILKINS—On March 10, Mrs. Lee Williams—a daughter.
PIPER—On March 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Harry Piper—a daughter.
ESTES—On March 15, at Toronto, Mrs. John Estes—a daughter.
M'WILLIAMS—On March 19, at Toronto, Mrs. David H. M'William—a daughter.
MEREDITH—On March 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Meredith—a son.
SCHOFIELD—On March 18, at Toronto, Mrs. John Schofield—a daughter.
BAXTER—On March 10, at Toronto, Mrs. James B. Baxter—a daughter.
DE VERNET—On March 16, at Toronto, Mrs. F. H. De Vernet—a daughter.
PENNY—On March 19, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Penny—a daughter.
WOOD—On March 17, at Nixon, Mrs. W. S. Wood—a daughter.
WILKINS—On March 14, at 535 Ontario street, Toronto, Mrs. John Wilkins—a son.
GRAHAME—On March 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Laurence Hill Grahame—a son.

Marriages.

GRAHAM—LAPP—On March 13, at Scott township, Mr. Alex. Graham of Uxbridge, to Bertha Lapp.
GRICE—TILSON—On March 13, at Islington, Mr. Fred. A. Grice of Orangeville, to Miss Mary J. Tilson of Islington.
SMITH—POWELL—On March 10, at Stratford, Mr. R. A. Smith of Orangeville, to Miss Annie Powell.
BOYD—HILL—On March 14, at Port Perry, Mr. James M. Boyd, B.D., of Scarborough, Que., to Miss Mary M. Davis Hill of Brooklyn, Ont.
WARREY—CAMERON—On March 13, at Bowmanville, Mr. James B. Warren of Point Mara, to Miss Jennie Cameron.
HARDIE—REID—On March 4, at Whitechurch, Mr. Alex. Hardie to Miss Annie Reid.
MACLEAN—PRATT—On March 19, at Toronto, Mr. Wm. H. Maclean to Miss Jennie Goodsell Pratt.
GOOD—FAIRBANKS—On March 15, at Norwich, Conn., Mr. Samuel Good of Toronto, to Miss Agnes E. Fairbanks.
TOGWELL—MILBURN—On March 20, at Toronto, Mr. Arthur Togwell of Compton-Guildford, Surrey, Eng., to Gertrude Annie Milburn.

Deaths.

BRACKEN—On March 14, at Toronto, James Bracken, aged 29 years.
KASSEL—On March 14, at Toronto, Harriet Kassel.
SPEARS—On March 6, at Chase, Lake County, Mich., Alexander Spears, aged 69 years.
SCOTT—At Toronto, Frank N. Scott, aged 33 years.
KENNEDY—On March 14, at Agincourt, James Kennedy, aged 72 years.
BILLINGER—On March 14, at Toronto, Thos. Billinger, aged 42 years.
HOLMAN—On March 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Holman, aged 49 years.
MUNRO—On March 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Marjory M. Munro, aged 65 years.
CARTER—On March 14, at Toronto, W. R. Carter, aged 77 years.
PERRY—On March 15, at Toronto, A. W. Perry, aged 80 years.
DAVIDSON—On March 10, at Niagara, Walter Davidson, aged 41 years.
PARSONS—On March 16, at Toronto, Henry Parsons, aged 76 years.
SLATER—On March 16, at Toronto, Mrs. William Slater.
ANDERSON—On March 10, at Ottawa, Mrs. Rose Elliott Anderson, aged 74 years.
BARRETT—On March 16, at Toronto, Lurdner Bostwick Barrett, aged 22 years.
BARRETT—At Toronto, Mrs. James Barrett, aged 55 years.
DRAKE—On March 10, at Grafton, Mrs. E. Drake, aged 75 years.
McNAUGHTON—Mrs. Agnes Elizabeth McNaughton of Vaughan.
McKENNA—At Toronto, Patrick McKenna, aged 55 years.
BELL—On March 17, Isabella Jane Bell, aged 34 years.
MCIRE—On March 15, at Albany, Ga., James McIrie of Collingwood, aged 39 years.
CASSIDY—On March 18, at Toronto, Solomon Cassidy, aged 65 years.
MACDONALD—On March 19, at Toronto, Donald Macdonald, aged 80 years.
PATTERSON—On March 15, at Malton, Mrs. Margaret Patterson, aged 66 years.
PEOPLES—On March 17, at Toronto, George Human Peoples, aged 86 years.
ROY—On March 17, at Rochester, Mrs. William Roy of Owen Sound.
McBETH—On March 13, at Toronto, Mrs. T. J. McBeth, aged 22 years.
HIBBARD—On March 18, at Streetsville, Mrs. Thomas Hibbard, aged 75 years.
YOUNG—On March 16, at Lakelet, Lieut-Colonel William Young, aged 90 years.
NIXON—On March 18, at Grimsby, Allan E. Nixon, aged 27 years.
THOMPSON—On March 17, at Tarrahill, Emma Thompson, aged 45 years.
MOOREHEAD—On February 27, in the Township of Scott, Catharine Morehead, aged 92 years.
PAINE—On March 16, at Orillia, Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Arabella Paine, aged 81 years.
KINGSTONE—On March 19, Sydney Gwladys, infant daughter of Frederick W. Kingstone.
EBERSTEAN—On March 20, at Toronto, Edward Lionel Eberstean, aged 16 months.
PHILLIPS—On March 9, at Windsor Centre, Jesse H. Phillips, aged 72 years.
HALL—At Toronto, Richard Gough Hall, aged 72 years.
BAILEY—On March 18, at Stratford, Edward Erskine Bailey, aged 21 years.
FIDLER—On March 19, at Toronto, Mrs. H. J. Fidler.

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MR. F. WARRINGTON ..... Baritone
MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE ..... Cornet Soloist
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To the Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—Your journal has done so much to improve the tone of public appreciation in many things—but, above all, in music—that I feel sure you will not hesitate to publish the few remarks that I have to make with regard to the encouragement of native talent.

There is much sameness in the music provided the public in this city, especially at church concerts, and Torontonians cannot be blamed for looking to "stars" from the States and the Old Country to supply them with amusement and excite their interest and curiosity. To "stars," however, I do not wish to refer. What I mean to say is, that if only a fair show were given the "native talent" of this city all true lovers of music would be surprised at the remarkable number of really good trained singers we have in our midst. How, then, are they to be discovered? Very easily. Let a vocal competition take place on a certain day, open to all comers. Let prize medals be awarded to the best soprano, contralto, tenor and bass solo singers, and to the best quartette (mixed or male voice) and let three such men as Messrs. Torrington, Fisher, and Schuch be appointed judges. Of course the voices would have to be carefully tried, weeded and selected beforehand, and only the really good ones chosen for the final competition. The affair could take the place of an ordinary evening concert. Great interest would certainly be excited—there would be novelty at any rate—and the cause of music, and the fair name of the city ought to be very far from suffering.

I believe that a competition of this character would attract a full house. No money could possibly be lost on the venture if the prominent musical men of the city took the matter in hand. If any of your correspondents would care to interest themselves in this matter, I should be glad to hear from them.

Yours faithfully,
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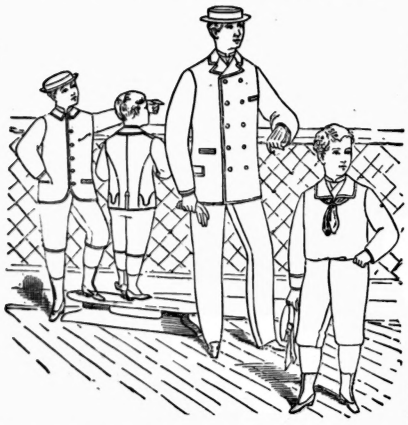

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